

DOUBLE PAGE COLORED SUPPLEMENT

THE NATIONAL  
POLICE WITH THIS NUMBER  
THE LARGEST ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.  
SOCIETY

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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Price 10 Cents.



AN ILL-WIND STRUCK THE CIRCUS.

THE FREAKS TRAVELING WITH BARNUM'S SHOW HAVE A TOUGH TIME AT BURLINGTON, IOWA.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.  
THE FOX BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1895.

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**RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,**  
The Fox Building,  
Franklin Square, New York.

IT is about time for another interview with Mrs. Culberson, who seems to represent the minority.

NOW the Digger Indians of California will have a chance to assert themselves; their squaws have taken to bloomers. The lot of Poor Lo has always been an unhappy one. It is worse than ever now.

THE failure of a Boston, Mass., Grand Jury to indict Joe Walcott and Dick O'Brien has given the sports of the Hub an idea that they can hold glove contests as heretofore, without any interference. Can they?

NOW that Gov. Culberson, in an outburst of alleged virtuous indignation at the possibility of two noted boxers engaging in a contest in his State, has succeeded in making for himself several barrels of political capital, the world may breathe easier.

CRICKET is supposed to be a peculiarly English game, and has never been particularly popular in this country. For this reason the two victories of the Quaker cricketers over the Cambridge-Oxford team at Philadelphia are very gratifying. They are another indication that supremacy in sports is within the grasp of Americans.

IT is almost unnecessary to call attention to the magnificent supplement which is issued with this week's paper. Attention should, however, be called to the fact that the previous issue of this supplement has been for some time at a premium. This will positively be the last issue from this plate, so lovers of the manly sport who are wise will avail themselves of the present opportunity.

WHAT an interesting time the husband of runaway Mrs. Graham, of Coonan, Ind., and his Pinkerton detective must have had chasing his erring wife and her girlhood love over 8,000 miles of American soil. But it isn't to the time the pursued must have had biling and cooling on the fly. They were caught at last, however, between station and train, and now it looks very much like jail, with separate cells, as an atonement.

## MASKS AND FACES.

### Break, Break, Break, in Jay Towns, Barnstorming Shows

### THE ACTORS HOOF IT HOME.

### But There Were Two Lovely Dancing Girls Who Found Forgotten Beaus.

### AND NOW NO MORE THEY'LL ROAM.

Stars are beginning to fall, and companies are commencing to break. It is the old, old tale of poor business and poor shows, which has been repeated year after year, and which no one thought would be repeated this season. So, from now on, there will be many tales of woe to tell of un sympathetic hotel keepers, unrelenting railroads and fleeing managers, who take the contents of the box office first, and the train a few minutes later. One of the peculiar things about a flitting manager is the fact that, as a rule, he always takes the star with him. It may be in her contract, and if it is it is a very good line, for it must be fearfully humiliating for the star of the show to have to take pot-luck with the low comedian and the chorus, and hustle home with the rest of them. But there are occasions when the star is not as good-looking off the stage as she might be, and when the soubrette or the ingenue are more companionable than the leading lady, that the manager concludes to favor one of those minor members of the company, and, as a result, she rides home with him in state and in a Pullman stateroom. There are two young women

she arrived at the hospital it required all her efforts to soothe him, and after his stomach had been well pumped out she took him home with her. Altogether, it seems that Mr. Clarke has made something of a spectacle of himself.

Dissipation has carried off another young woman who had what might have been called "a future." She was Lillie Hamilton, a variety performer who was very well known in nearly all of the Western cities. She died in Butte, Montana. Until a few years ago she was on the legitimate stage, and was the wife of Frank Slocum, formerly advance agent for Richard Mansfield, and now associated with his brother in the management of one of the "Trilby" companies. The couple separated half a dozen years, and during Mansfield's last engagement in that city, two years ago, Mr. Slocum accidentally met his wife in a variety show, and there was a scene. A suit for divorce followed.

The couple have one child, a bright little girl, who is being cared for by the wife of a concert hall proprietor in Great Falls. Lillie Hamilton was born in New York twenty-six years ago, and had been on the stage since she was seven years old.

Nellie W. Hagel fell from a balloon in which she was making an ascension near Monrovia, Cal., recently, and was instantly killed. She was the wife of F. G. Hagel, and they had been traveling through California making balloon ascensions and parachute jumps. On the day of the accident Mrs. Hagel made an ascent, and when at the height of 1,000 feet she pulled the rope which cut the parachute loose. She shot downward about a hundred feet like a flash.

The air caught the parachute and it commenced to open, but suddenly it became apparent that she was falling. She came down like a cannon ball and struck so that her head came in contact with the ground first.

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When they arrived at the Bristol, No. 15, East Eleventh street, Saturday a number of young men were lounging in the parlor killing time by yawning.

Without warning in trooped this flock of girls, all laughing, all talking at the same time, all bubbling over with good spirits. There was a panic.

When the young men had recovered their presence of mind they began to twirl their mustaches, but those Welsh girls have travelled from Cardiff to Chicago, and have very decided opinions about young men.

The first thing they did was to eat. It takes plenty of good, solid food to keep cheeks up to the rose tinge, and the Welsh girls have really wonderful complexions.

After dinner they gathered in the parlor and sang all the songs that came to their head, and then the guests

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## PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

The "Copper" With the Marble Heart Broke Up a Dance.

## WAS JUST A SPASM OF VIRTUE

Maggie Clayton Jumped to Meet Her Lover and Broke Her Leg.

## NOW IN A PHILADELPHIA HOSPITAL.

The very moral police force of the rather naughty town of East Liverpool, O., concluded, a short time ago, to stir things up with a few raids. So they started in without any preliminaries. One of the places they pulled was what is called a "joint" in select East Liverpool circles. It is run in connection with a saloon known as the "Daby." When the officers of the law ranged themselves in a double row in front of the place they knew that inside were about eighteen well-known persons who had paid \$10 each to witness the sensational dancing and wonderful high kicking of two of the supple inmates. Just when the dance was warmest a marble-hearted cop stuck his head in the door and told them they were all under arrest. There was considerable pushing, jostling and scrambling, but eventually the enforcers of the law gathered in a goodly bunch of the dancers and spectators.

Maggie Clayton, a sixteen-year-old girl, who lives at 2635 Christian street, Philadelphia, is very much in love. Her mother refused to let her keep company with the object of her young affections, and kept her pretty well secluded in the house. So for love Maggie jumped from the second-story window. If she could only have jumped as well as she loved she would have been all right. As it was, she broke her right leg. Instead of meeting her lover she was taken in an ambulance to the Polyclinic Hospital.

The Hotel Worth, Chicago, Ill., up to Friday morning had in its employ a colored man by the name of Kirk, who acted as a fireman. About the hotel he was regarded as a quiet, unobtrusive sort of fellow, though at times being quite eccentric. His eccentricities led him to enter the sleeping apartments of Miss Jessie Farnum, a resident of the hotel, at 4:30 o'clock Sunday morning.

He gained entrance through the transom, and in doing so awakened the occupant of the room. Seeing that he had been detected, he unfastened the door and fled down the hallway, but returned in a short time. The lady, instead of making an outcry, lay perfectly quiet until her early morning visitor re-entered the room, when she grappled with him. As she is of slight build, weighing only 106 pounds, it was an easy matter for the intruder to wrest himself free. She, however, retained a portion of his shirt sleeve in her grasp.

It isn't very difficult to guess what the man's intentions were, but the funny part of the whole business is that there will be no prosecution and that all the parties concerned seem to make light of the affair.

Mrs. Thomas Lyons, of North Tonawanda, N. Y., has taken her departure from the home of her husband, and as a memento of him she is said to have also taken \$1,266 in cash. For a traveling companion it is believed she has John Warner, a young man who has caused some trouble in the Lyons household for several months back. A few weeks ago Mr. Lyons made discoveries that aroused his wrath. He subsequently raised a row and was arrested at the instigation of his wife. The case was taken into Justice Kohler's court and the matter was amicably settled between the two interested parties. Lyons had \$1,266 in the German-American Bank, which was drawn out by his wife. One night she made her escape out of her house by climbing out of an upstairs window and upon a shed, thence to the ground. Warner has been employed at the iron works and was found to be missing the next morning. From their previous relations Mr. Lyons assumes that they have departed together. Warner is not more than twenty-five years old, while Mrs. Lyons is thirty-nine. She has two children. The elder is a girl of nineteen, the other is a boy aged 11. It is needless to say that Mr. Lyons is angry. He has been in consultation with his lawyer, P. M. Sullivan, and the police relative to steps to be taken to get back his missing wife or the cash, the latter preferred.

If Thomas Rafferty is caught by the citizens of Passaic, N. J., it is a question whether they will put him into jail or swing him up to a lampost.

Rafferty very wisely got out of town, and a few hours afterward the nineteen-year-old son of Fred Rothwell, of Dundee, was on his track with a loaded revolver, and if he catches Rafferty there will surely be murder.

Rothwell's eight-year-old daughter is lying critically ill at the home of her parents, in the Manhattan flats, Dundee, and her recovery is doubtful.

Rafferty, it is charged, took the girl to an out-of-the-way place and outraged her. The girl reached home in an exhausted condition, and made her father acquainted with the facts. He went looking for Rafferty, but could not find him, so he went before Justice Ross and had warrants issued for the man's arrest. They are in the hands of detectives.

When he reached his home Rothwell was informed by another daughter, aged thirteen years, that a week ago Rafferty took her and her four-year-old sister away from the house and attempted to assault both. The girl did not speak of it before, as Rafferty told her he would kill her if she did. On learning this the father made

additional charges against Rafferty. The latter is supposed to be in New York.

Here is a Texas woman who has taken the law into her own hands. Her name is Mrs. Thompson and she lives at El Paso. She is handsome; that she is spirited goes without saying. She is the wife of L. Thompson, an employee of the Mexican Ore Smelter Company. The story goes that for some time past Thompson has been neglecting his wife for Hattie Baker, a woman who was very much of the town. Mrs. Thompson had used every art of persuasion to prevent her husband from spending all of his earnings on the Baker girl, but he turned a deaf ear to her pleadings, and she and the little ones were left to suffer while the Baker girl taunted the poor wife with having lost her husband's affections. On the afternoon of the tragedy Hattie Baker, in company with another girl named Ada McCaughan, passed Mrs. Thompson's house on their way out to the smelter to meet Thompson. They were riding their bicycles, and when Mrs. Thompson saw them she snatched her husband's pistol, ran out in the street and shot the Baker woman, killing her instantly. The feeling is very bitter against Thompson.

## PEEPED AT THE SOUBRETTES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two pretty soubrettes, who were in neither street nor stage costume, two deep-dyed "desperadoes" and two huge revolvers from Hartwell, O., a half dozen or more waiters and a manager were the principal characters in a reign of terror that held sway for nearly an hour in the Monarch Concert Hall, Vine and Twelfth streets, Cincinnati, O., early one morning recently. The trouble was caused by the desire the men from Hartwell had to stop Saturday night the concert hall closed at 12 o'clock. As soon as all the patrons had departed the waiters commenced to clean up. Miss Annie Moore and Miss Bebe Eariscott, soubrettes, hurried to the dressing-room to prepare for home. The young women had removed their stage costumes and were in the act of bathing, when Miss Moore

noticed four eyes peering over the top of a screen in a corner. She screamed, and so did her companion. The screen suddenly toppled over and brought to view the young men from Hartwell. The soubrettes hastily clothed themselves with the first things they could seize and fled out into the hall, crying for assistance.

Manager Young, followed by the special officer and the waiters, hurried to the dressing-room.

"What are you doing here?" Mr. Young demanded.

"We just wanted to take a peep," one of the young men responded meekly.

Mr. Young and the officers sprang toward the peepers, but the apparently mild young men suddenly grew fierce, and placed their hands upon their hip pockets as if to draw revolvers.

Mr. Young and his force retreated, followed by the young men. They were driven into a corner. Unobserved by the young men, two of the waiters slipped out of the rear entrance, and, coming in from the front door, seized the desperadoes from behind. After a hard struggle the men from Hartwell were disarmed.

Finding themselves without their revolvers, the young men lost their courage, and, almost crying, they begged Manager Young not to have them arrested. They begged so hard he finally allowed them to depart.

Mr. Young says they gave their names as E. L. Hancock and W. G. Wagner, and said that they lived in Hartwell, O. They declared that there had been many robberies in their town recently, and that they had purchased the revolvers to protect themselves.

## Too Often the Case!

An Unfaithful Wife. By Paul de Kock, one of the most famous French authors. No. 10 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Illustrated with 53 unique pictures. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.

## SQUAWS WEAR BLOOMERS.

Even The Digger Indians Adopt the Bifurcated Garments.

## WEAR TROUSERS LIKE MEN.

One Went So Far as to Ride into Town Attired in Flannel Drawers.

## STOPPED BY A MORAL OFFICER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Not long ago a party of tourists of both sexes invaded the Sierra forest reserve in California. The women of the party belonged to the large and growing number who believe in dress reform, especially when the wearer contemplates a trip to the mountains, where the fair pedestrian is always at a vast disadvantage unless clad in bifurcated garments. All the members of the party wore the bloomer costume, the first sight of which caused visible commotion among the dusky maids and matrons of the Digger race. The squaw of the Digger has for untold moons been devoted to the calico wrapper, large figured, with designs dating back to the days of the Dolly

Wardens.



They Were Caught By a Cop With a Marble Heart.

she was one of the new women. "Well," said the official, after carefully looking her curves over, "you may be a new woman, but you can't ride through town in that rig," and he turned her horse's head in the opposite direction.

## RECEIVED IN BATHING SUITS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Half a dozen very swell ladies engaged a parlor and an ante room at the Hotel Vendome, New York, recently. They registered as "Misses Carrie and Florence Kimball, city," and "Miss Agnes Harbrook, Little Rock, Ark.," and were shown to apartments on the third floor. They had been in their apartments but a few moments when bell boys were summoned and sent for large orders of flowers, sandwiches from the kitchen and various kinds of wines from the cellar. Cash for the payment of everything accompanied the order.

Later several callers arrived, all of them young and pretty ladies, and each carrying a suspicious bundle or hand valise. They were shown up to the parlor as rapidly as they arrived until they numbered about twenty-five. For a time order reigned, until suddenly there was a burst of laughter and a loud clapping of hands. Subsequent information gave some clue to the levity. It appeared that the ladies were holding a reception in their bathing suits. The invitations which had been sent out read as follows:

## IN MEMORY OF OUR SUMMER DAYS.

Misses Carrie and Florence Kimball, assisted by the Misses Alice and May Burton, Agnes Harbrook, Mildred Clarke, Mary Stone, Jane Baird and Mary Teichbach, invite you to attend a reunion of Narragansett bathers, to be held at Vendome Hotel, Forty-fifth street and Broadway, from two to four o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, October 1.

Every guest attending will wear her last season's bathing dress. Dressing room provided.

N. B.—This is on the Q. T.

A visit to the parlors after the departure of the ladies, gave credence to the statement of Miss Stone that they had a "big time." Crushed flowers, glasses and cigarette stumps were everywhere, while bottles rested in all corners of the room.

## Mlle. EUGENIE PETRESCU.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This wonderful young woman, who is now a feature of the Gus Hill Novelties, has attracted attention wherever she has appeared. With apparently the greatest ease she reverses all the laws of nature, and performs feats which are but a little short of the miraculous. She dances on her hands to a variety of dance rhythms, takes short and long jumps on sticks, poses on her teeth, skips the rope with her hands and twists her body into the most bewildering shapes. Her performance proves that there is nothing that can be done by the ordinary man with his legs and feet that cannot be done by her with her arms and hands.

The company will open for a week's engagement at Tony Pastor's Theatre, Fourth street, New York, on October 14.

## WAS A REAL WILD WOMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For months almost incredible stories have been told about a wild woman who has frequently been seen by farmers in the woods near Alpena, Mich. Several attempts were made to capture her, but she always proved too fleet of foot and escaped.

Recently an organized party, headed by city officers, started on a systematic search, as she was reported to be within fifteen miles of the city.

She was followed several miles by the officers to a dense portion of the forest. They watched for an opportunity to catch her unawares, and finally it came. When captured she made a desperate fight, biting and scratching the officers, and when finally overpowered lay panting on the ground like a wild animal.

She was in a pitiable condition, her hair being a tangled mass, and she was clad only in an old wrapper which was torn almost to shreds.

Her home was a nest in the roots of an old stump into which she had burrowed and partially filled with pine boughs and straw. No food was found, and she is supposed to have lived on berries and wild fruit.

When brought to the city she refused to talk, but said that her name was McDonald and that her parents live in Petrolia, Ont. She is undoubtedly insane.

Free—Colored Supplement. This week, Corbett and Fitzsimmons in fighting attitude. See that you get it with your paper.

## AN ILL-WIND STRUCK THE CIRCUS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A cyclone struck the tents of the Barnum & Bailey show at Burlington, Ia., recently, and did about \$12,000 damage. The side shows got the worst of the storm, and the animals, the fat woman, the tattooed lady and the giants will never forget the experience.

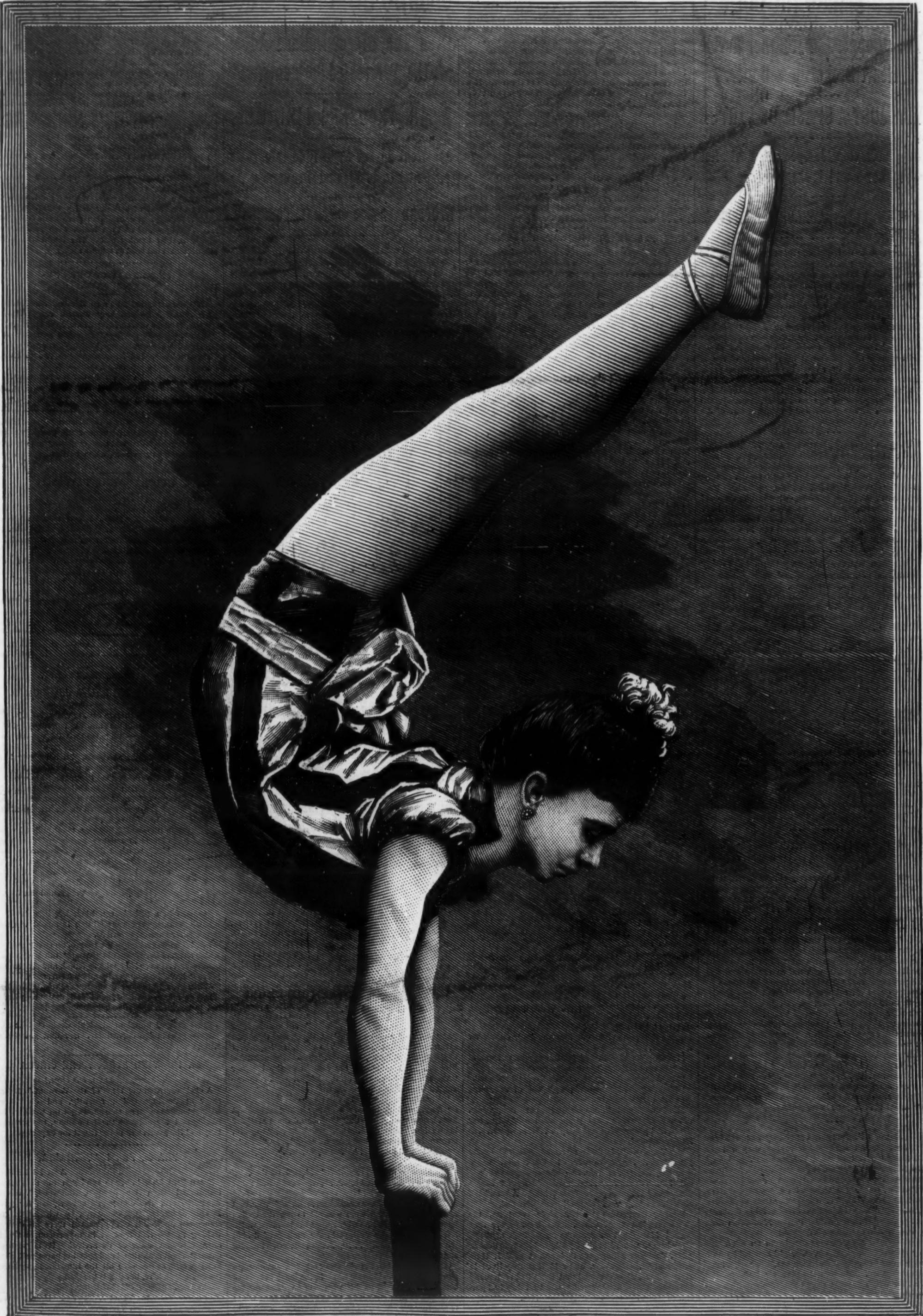
## PRIDE FROM AUSTRALIA.

Aug. 13, 1885.

DEAR SIR: I herein beg to send you this unsolicited testimonial from far away Collingwood, Victoria, Australia, and also one year's subscription for your POLICE GAZETTE, as I would not be without it. To show you how well it is appreciated there are crowds waiting to see and read it in my saloon, and it is always sought after on its arrival. It is without doubt the best sensational and sporting paper published in the world, as we have all the illustrated papers of the globe sent here, but this is the best paper of the lot. Yours, etc., M. SIMMONS, Proprietor Victoria Toilet Club and Hair-dressing Saloon, Collingwood, Victoria, Australia.

## In Gay, Reckless Bohemia!

A Pursuit of Pleasure. No. 18, FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A vivid and graphic picture of Bohemian life in Paris, illustrated with 50 rare and beautiful drawings. Price 50 cents, sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



MLLE. EUGENIE PETRESCU.

A MOST REMARKABLE AND VERSATILE PERFORMER NOW TOURING WITH GUS HILL'S NOVELTIES.



PEELED AT THE SOUBRETTES.

TWO VERY INQUISITIVE YOUNG MEN IN CINCINNATI WANT TO SEE MORE THAN THE LAW ALLOWS.



RECEIVED IN BATHING SUITS.

NOVEL AND PLEASING INNOVATION AT THE HOTEL VENDOME, NEW YORK, BY LAST SUMMER'S BELLES.

## BACK TO HER FIRST LOVE.

How an Old Flame Broke Out  
and Ruined a Home.

## MARRIAGE BONDS BROKEN.

Mrs. Graham Never Forgot the Man who  
Had Won Her Heart as a Girl.

## DRAMATIC SCENE WHEN CAUGHT.

An irate husband, a Pinkerton detective attired in the street dress of an Episcopalian minister, a morose and defiant paramour and a penitent wife, formed a quartette that created considerable excitement at the Union depot, Kansas City, one night recently, before the Missouri Pacific left for the East.

It was the sequel of the story of a long chase that the detective and husband made after the man and woman who eloped from Cochran, Ind., a quiet little country town on the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern road, sixteen miles from Cincinnati, O., about six weeks ago. Their chase covered over 3,000 miles of railroad, and its culmination in the arrest of the fleeing couple was only accomplished after a series of disappointments, the loss many times of the clue to the guilty pair's doings and whereabouts, and the surmounting of all the other obstacles which such cases develop. The conduct of the injured husband toward the two after their arrest showed only too plainly that he intended to punish them to the fullest extent of the law. All four of the interested persons did their best to keep the people at the depot from learning the facts relative to their meeting, and they succeeded quite well, because, after the first excitement attending the arrest passed away, they conducted themselves with calm propriety and were as civil and courteous as bad temper and the conditions would permit.

Back in that little Indiana town where only a few home-loving Hoosiers eke out a comfortable existence by tilling the soil and raising live stock, live an aged and respectable couple—Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Wright. The old gentleman prospered in his early days, and by practicing the most diligent economy managed to lay away a snug little sum for a "rainy day." He married a New England girl, whom he had met while attending some sort of a celebration in Cincinnati, and he took his bride out from Burlington, Vt., to the Indiana town to share with him the joys and sorrows, the comforts and adversities of life. This was before the war, and when the cry of "to arms" went up he was one of the first of the thousands of brave Indians who shouldered guns and marched away from home and loved ones to the battlefields of the South.

He had been on the march but two weeks when he received a letter from his next door neighbor that he was the father of as pretty a girl baby as the eyes of mortal ever saw. The child was to be baptized in the Methodist church as soon as convenient, and christened.

Of course the father wanted to see the first-born, but that was out of the question. Yet he was overpowered with joy and sent back by the first army post a reply to the letter. In most affectionate language he begged those at home to name the child Harriet. "You know my name is Henry," he wrote to Mrs. Wright, "and Harriet is so much like Henry that it will be naming her after me."

Thus it was that Harriet Wright received her name. After the surrender at Appomattox the father returned home minus a leg and an arm, which he lost only about twenty-four hours before Lee's surrender. He then saw for the first time the little Harriet. She was so pretty and of such a sunny, lovable disposition that he fell desperately in love with the child at once.

"This," said he to his wife and friends, who were doing all in their power to cheer him up and make him forget as much as possible his infirmities, "this child, I say, is consolation enough for me. I will live for her."

And he kept his promise. The child was brought up under Christian influences, and while she was growing to maidenhood she received the best education that the not altogether perfect schools of Cochran afforded. She was a bright girl, however, and took advantage of every chance to learn. In this way, by the time she was twenty years old, she had secured a fair education.

About eight years ago Mrs. Wright went back to Vermont on a visit, and took her daughter, by that time a very attractive young lady, with her. They remained among Wright's relatives about three months, and during that time Harriet Wright became infatuated with Waldo Turner, a dashing young swell of Burlington. Before her mother took her back home the daughter, without asking her mother's sanction, promised to marry Turner. Now, it so happened that Mrs. Wright never did like the young man, and when finally Harriet told her of her love, there was a good-sized row in that humble little Indiana home.

It happened that about this time Deacon Graham's son, William, who was a good, hard-working country boy, began to worship at the shrine of the lovely Harriet. The Grahams and the Wrights had been next door neighbors for years. Deacon Graham was wealthy in land, and William was the only child. It was consequently considered by her parents just the thing for Harriet to capture the young man, so they went to work to bring about the union.

It was months before the girl gave in to her parents' wishes, but finally she did consent to marry young Graham, although she declared that she always would love Turner.

The wedding came off six years ago in good old country style and the Grahams and the Wrights were one family.

William Graham made a good husband, but he could not win Harriet's love. Young Turner, the discarded lover, had prospered and grown to be quite a substantial merchant. Although he lost the girl, his love for her did not die, and the only dishonorable deed he ever

committed was when he planned to wreck the life of his Harriet and disturb the happiness of not only his own parents, but that of the Grahams and Wrights as well. He knew Harriet loved him, so he remained a single man to aid him better in his plans.

He took his first step two years ago by writing a letter to Harriet. It was full of love utterances and passionate appeals for her love in return. Harriet received the letter, and its contents set her soul on fire. She longed to see Turner again, and wrote him to that effect. In less than six months a clandestine meeting was arranged to take place at the Palace Hotel in Cincinnati, and leaving his business at home, Turner hurried down to Cincinnati. Harriet kept her word, and the long-separated lovers met. It was then and there that the elopement which has just been interrupted was planned. Turner returned to Vermont and after a long time settled up his business, sold out and announced his intention to remove to Denver. In the meantime he kept in constant communication with Harriet, and when he was ready to take her away he let her know. She replied that she was ready to leave home and parents forever and fly with him. The date of the elopement was fixed, and for the second time Harriet and Turner met in Cincinnati. After leaving home Mrs. Graham informed her husband of her intention to never live with him again, and the guilty pair fled from Cincinnati.

The husband was heartbroken at first, but when he learned that his wife had eloped with her lover of long ago, he swore to have revenge.

Going to Cincinnati on the first train Graham employed a Pinkerton detective, who got a clue to the couple, and then the chase began. Through one section of the country, and then through another Graham and the detective went until in Denver, they learned that Turner and Mrs. Graham had just started for Kansas City. To that point they hurried on the next train. A tour of all the hotels was made during the day, but no couple answering the description of the pair could be found. When the night trains began to leave the city the detective planted himself in the ladies' waiting

## HE HAS GONE WITH A WIDOW

Mansell is Now Basking in the Sunshine of Her Smiles.

## SKIPPED FROM CAMBRIDGE.

Deserted Wife is Joyful and Hopes Hubby Will Never Return to Her.

## THE WIDOW WAS VERY PRETTY.

Mrs. Charles W. Mansell, of Webster street, Cambridge, Mass., is a very happy woman. If she is to be believed, and there is no reason why she should be doubted, she is glad because her husband has left her, and she says she hopes he will have sense enough to stay away. Mr. and Mrs. Mansell came from Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago. From the first Mansell fell in love with a widow, Mrs. Amelia Sanborn, who lived near them and who was employed as a trimmer in a Boston millinery store.

The neighbors claim that the first day that Mansell moved on the street he met Mrs. Sanborn, and that

she is an organization that deserves all the credit that can be given it, comprising as it does a score or more of the bravest men that patrol the Atlantic coast. Conspicuous among those who have distinguished themselves for bravery and wear medals testifying to their heroism, is Alfred Girardot. Forty men, women and children owe a debt of gratitude to him that cannot be repaid. There are those among them who would surely have found death beneath the treacherous waves but for the timely appearance of this hero.

Free—Colored Supplement. This week, Corbett and Fitzsimmons in fighting attitude. See that you get it with your paper.

## CARMELO.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Carmelo is only a part of this saintly-looking young woman's name, and it is used for stage purposes alone. But it is a very good name for the purpose, and it belongs to her with her Spanish lineage. Carmelo hasn't been in New York very long, and consequently is not known so well by the managers and the public as she is bound to be later on. Some day she will no doubt be a great success. At present she is filling modest little engagements in private and writing beautiful little songs, as well as the prettiest of musical refrains. She has a great future.

PROF. AUGUSTO FRANCIOLI.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

No one would ever imagine, to look at Prof. Franciol's picture, that he was as nimble and light-footed as it is possible for a man to be. For three seasons the professor held the responsible position of spectacular director and master of the ballet of the Metropolitan Opera House, as well as the American Theatre and Casino. He has also filled high positions as spectacular director and ballet master with several of the highest European and American theatres, and always with the greatest success. Just now he is engaged in private teaching in New York city.

## J. J. BROUH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Somewhere upon this mundane sphere is John J. Brough, of Manchester, Conn., a prominent business man. About a month ago he decided to take a pleasure trip as a relief from business cares and anxieties. Being an enthusiastic cyclist he decided to try and ride around the world on his wheel. Without any preparation he started away and where he is now will only be learned when he reaches a point where a letter can be mailed. Mr. Brough is a man of energy and will doubtless accomplish his self-imposed task.

Free—Colored Supplement. This week, Corbett and Fitzsimmons in fighting attitude. See that you get it with your paper.

## A HEINOUS CRIME.

Tom Moorely's Deep-Laid Plan to Assault Pretty Lilly Coop, the Daughter of a Prominent Arkansas Planter--But for the Prompt Action of a Hotel Keeper He Might Have Succeeded.

John W. Coop, a prominent planter of Brinkley, went to Little Rock, Ark., and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Tom Moorely, a saloon keeper of Brinkley, for the abduction and attempted criminal assault of Little Coop on the night of Sunday, the 15th inst. Moorely went to Little Rock on the night train with Little Coop, she having taken the train at Lonoke. They went to the Deming Hotel, where Moorely registered the girl, saying that she wanted a room, but he would sit up.

On a pretext of seeing her room was in good shape, he followed her up and closed the door. She opened it and he closed it again. When she attempted to open it he caught her under the arms and started for the bed. She shrieked and the clerk went to her rescue. Moorely came down explaining that he was a friend of the female, and that Little was running away from home to a relative in Fort Smith, and that he was trying to induce her to return to her father in Brinkley. Later he told another clerk that he had given the girl \$1.25 on which to go to Lonoke, so that they could come here together without arousing suspicion.

Little spent all the remainder of the night in the hotel parlor, refusing to retire. Moorely wanted to see her, but the clerk decided to be present during the interview the next day. He did not show up at the hotel until late at night, when he came in and demanded to see her. The clerk refused, and Moorely tried to put the clerk out of the hotel, but was arrested and fined for disturbing the peace.

The next afternoon the proprietor of the Deming House telegraphed her father, and the following day a sister went after her and took her home. An officer left Little Rock for Brinkley, and will take Moorely there for trial. He has a wife and several children, having buried a son three weeks ago.

Lilly Coop is between fifteen and sixteen years old and very pretty.

## CHARLES KILIAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Strong men are plentiful enough nowadays, but few have won the distinction that has been accorded to Charles Kilian. He is 36 years old, and about 5 feet 7 inches high, weighing 175 pounds. He is able to lift, with one hand, 175 to 200 pounds, and he can throw the same weight from one hand to the other, over his head. He can juggle with 75 to 100-pound weights. Kilian belongs to several athletic and Turner societies in Paterson, N. J., and is owner of the Athletic House, corner May and Highland streets.

Free—Colored Supplement. This week, Corbett and Fitzsimmons in fighting attitude. See that you get it with your paper.

## Full of Spice.

*Love's Sacrifées.* No. 8 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Abounding in thrilling situations, and illustrated by 59 giant pictures. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

room of the Union depot, while Graham hid himself in the shadow of the building at the Union avenue entrance. He had not been there a half hour before he saw his wife and Turner crossing the street, grip in hand, to the depot. He rushed excitedly into the waiting room, and beckoning to the detective exclaimed:

"I've found them! Come quick! Here they are!"

The detective barred the entrance and told the couple that they were under arrest, and that it would be better for them not to make a scene. Graham kept cool. His

wife nearly fainted, and burst into tears at the sight of the man she had wronged, and Turner turned lividly pale. The detective hurried them into the street, and there he asked them whether they would go back to Cincinnati, where they eloped from, without trouble, or whether they preferred to be locked up in jail and held until the necessary papers could be secured to take them back. Turner began a tirade against Graham, and tried to strike him, but the detective interfered. Mrs. Graham pleaded for mercy, but all to no purpose. Graham was cold, silent, and would not move. Then Turner said he abhorred the idea of going to jail, and said he would go back. Mrs. Graham shuddered at the thought of being locked up, and wailed:

"Merciful heavens, William! don't put me in jail. I'll go back peacefully!"

"Don't address me as 'William,'" Mrs. Graham," said the injured husband, with irony. He then secured railroad tickets, and the quartette boarded the Missouri Pacific train for the East.

There will be another chapter later.

## Oh, Mama, Buy Me That!

The latest of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. *Woman's Wickedness.* No. 18. That charming story from the French. By George Ohnet. It's only 50 cents, mailed to your address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



She Looked Confiding.

ALFRED GIRARDOT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The Volunteer Life Saving Association of Coney

## PLANNING FOR THE FIGHT.

Just a Shadow of a Doubt Envelopes the Situation.

## THEY WILL--BUT WHERE?

Corbett and Fitzsimmons Both Engaged in Slinging Mud.

## TEXAS LEGISLATORS GO ON RECORD.

When that Texas Legislature finally got to work it didn't take long to establish the fact that the Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight wasn't wanted by the people or the Lone Star State quite as badly as the projectors of the affair pretended to believe.

Pursuant to Gov. Culverson's call, the Legislature convened on Tuesday, Oct. 1, was continued until the following day, and within fifty-five minutes of the time the subject was introduced to the assembled legislators they had, by a vote that was practically unanimous in the Senate, and only a little less in the House, passed the bill prohibiting prize fighting.

The bill by which the bill was carried furnishes the strongest proof of the sentiment of the State with reference to prize fighting. The only rallying point of the minority was opposition to the emergency clause, which carried the bill into immediate effect. Certain of the members honestly regarded this as an injustice to such of the citizens of Dallas as had spent large sums in anticipation of the fight, and opposed it for that reason alone. Their arguments were not effective, however, and the vote in the House on the final passage of the bill showed but five votes in opposition, with 107 in its favor. In the Senate the bill was carried with only one negative vote in the 27 that were cast.

The bill makes prize fighting a felony, and imposes a punishment upon the principals for every infraction of the law by imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term of not less than two and no more than five years.

Early in the day the Dallas delegations appeared before the committees to which the anti-prize fighting bills were referred in the Senate and House and presented their arguments, which were in the main that such a law with an emergency clause would be an injustice to Dallas, in view of the money expended in the construction of the amphitheatre. They contended that such a law would be unconstitutional, inasmuch as it was class legislation and impaired the obligation of contracts.

Dallas' arguments availed nothing, and the committee made a prompt report on the Lewis bill, recommending its passage. It was known early in the day that the bill would go through with a whoop, and that it only remained for a vote to be taken.

At the same hour on the previous day it would have been difficult to pass a bill with the emergency clause. There were only ninety-two members of the House present, and of these fifteen opposed the clause. It was necessary to have 86 votes to win. The administration people sent hurry calls to all their friends and Culverson members began coming in on every train. The fight managers became discouraged at the way the cards were running, and practically gave up the struggle early in the day.

### WHERE WILL THEY FIGHT?

Dan Stuart, Brady, Julian and Vendig are Left to Settle the Question.

What will be the outcome of all the agitation is now the ruling question among sporting people. Texas bars its doors against the fighters, and if Corbett and Fitzsimmons persist in their determination to fight, a place for them to do so must be found, but where?

Naturally everybody turns toward Dan Stuart, of Dallas, Tex., the enterprising and courageous projector of the affair, for an explanation. He says the fight will be held and that he is negotiating.

The word "negotiating" in this instance may be interpreted to mean that nobody knows just what to do next and that time is wanted to gather the shattered strands and weave them together in some sort of a definite place. A conference of the interested parties has been called. Joe Vendig, the matchmaker of the Florida Athletic Club, left New York on Sunday bound for Dallas. W. A. Brady, Corbett's representative, has been summoned from San Antonio, and Martin Julian, Fitzsimmons' manager, from Corpus Christi, to attend the meeting.

Just what the outcome of this conference will be is problematical. They may decide to accept one of the offers from Mexico or the Indian reservation and they may decide to abandon the affair altogether. Nobody can tell at this juncture.

Before Vendig started South on Sunday last he was seen by a POLICE GAZETTE representative, to whom he said:

"In my opinion these men will fight for the purse the club will offer. If they do not accept a \$10,000 offer to fight and \$2,500 each as pay for their trouble up to this time, it will be pretty good evidence to the public that somebody is afraid. I doubt if either man can make money in the show business unless there is a fight. Corbett told me he would fight for \$3 or a box of cigars rather than lose a chance of meeting Fitzsimmons. The latter has also talked a great deal about his anxiety to settle the question. If there is to be a fight, the club will telegraph all holders of tickets, but no favorable announcements will be made unless Stuart can personally guarantee the club's patrons a show for their money."

Vendig represents the interests of the club of the New York members of the syndicate. It is said that the \$5,000 posted with Phil Dwyer as forfeit in case the club failed to pull off the fight in Dallas was put up by New Yorkers. They do not care to lose this money,

and have a fighting chance to save it, they think. Vendig says the fighters can divide the \$5,000 if they agree to fight in a place to be selected by Stuart for a purse of \$10,000. He does not say outright that the club will request Stakeholder Dwyer to return the money in case the \$10,000 offer should be rejected, but this is very likely to happen.

Mr. Dwyer now holds the club's forfeit, Corbett's forfeit, Corbett's \$10,000 bet and a small portion of the stake furnished by the Fitzsimmons side. Thus far, it is said that \$8,300 of the New Zealander's original \$10,000 stake has been attached. Fitz has apparently made no effort to replace this money, so it is doubtful whether he has a good claim on the club's forfeit which his representative will demand at the conference in Dallas.

In the event of the conference agreeing that the fight shall come off the place of meeting has yet to be determined. It may be in the Indian Territory. Dan Stuart has stated as much to parties who are interested in the project. The two places most favorably mentioned are Colbert Station, just across the Texas line, and Ardmore, the largest town in the Indian Territory, on the Santa Fe road. It is now more of a contest between the "Katy" and Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroads to determine which line shall have the traffic incident to the fight than between the towns.

If the mill takes place on Indian Territory soil it must come under the patronage of the Chickasaw Government. The judicial power of the United States Court in the Indian Territory will be exercised to prevent it, but the lawyers concur in the opinion that there is no law to punish it. The United States Court has all the jurisdiction that Congress has vested in any tribunal over such matters, but only has such jurisdiction as is expressly conferred on it. The Chickasaw Legislature, which is now in session, will not adjourn for about two weeks.

The Chickasaw treasury is empty, and "Lo" is naturally a lover of sport and gaming devices. Five thousand dollars deposited in the Chickasaw treasury by the Florida Athletic Club will make Corbett and Fitzsimmons, their seconds, referee and backers, members of the Chickasaw tribe of Indians, and thereby cut the jurisdiction of the United States Court and legalize the assembly. The pugilists will not sacrifice any of the privileges of United States citizenship by joining the tribe.

Just how that plan will work also remains to be seen. Attorney-General Harmon has refused to discuss what

four hours where the contest will take place on the date advertised."

The three places Stuart has in view are presumed to be a point in the Choctaw Nation, north of Paris; a point on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, near Colber's Ferry; and Texarkana, across the Texas line in Arkansas. There is a bare possibility that New Laredo, Mexico, may be selected, but the Indian Territory seems to have the call.

### CORBETT AT HIS TRAINING QUARTERS.

Assured of a Likelihood of a Chance to Fight the Australian.

Corbett left Asbury Park, N. J., Monday, Sept. 30, and after a "training day" at Madison Square Garden, which was attended by 7,000 delighted Gothamites, the champion on Tuesday morning left for his training ground at San Antonio, via the Royal Blue Line and Southern Railway. He reached Texas on Sunday last, feeling well, but worried over the action of the Legislature in declaring itself against the contest. Another thing that seems to worry the champion is the stake money. He declares that Fitzsimmons' stake money is attached, and that he is betting \$10,000 against nothing. This complaint, he says, is not made to embarrass Fitzsimmons, but to square himself with his backers. Speaking of the referee, Corbett said: "I am willing that Fitzsimmons shall name six men, and from these, if they are men who are known to have the requisite honesty and knowledge, I will select the referee."

"I hope Stuart will be able to pull off the fight, and I believe he will. But maybe he won't. Fitzsimmons will then appear in Dallas on Oct. 31 to get the forfeit and be off. I want the referee appointed now, and I want authority given him in writing to name the place of the fight in the event Stuart is unable to make terms. In other words, if on Oct. 31 it is given up that Stuart can't pull the fight off, I want the referee to have authority to say, 'Be at such and such a place to-morrow and fight it out.'

### FITZ AWAITING DEVELOPMENTS.

Says He Will Fight if a Place is Provided and the Inducement is Good.

Shooting duck and small game as a relief from the arduous labors of training, is the way Fitzsimmons whiles away his time at Corpus Christi, Tex., awaiting



Corbett Playing Handball at His Training Quarters.

measures the Government would take to prevent the fight if attempted in any of the Territories, though he left no doubt as to the Government's intention to avail itself to the very fullest extent of any authority it has in the Indian Territory to prevent the fight, and it is believed enough law can be found to stop it. In the opinion of the Attorney-General it would be a public disgrace for the federal authorities to permit an exhibition of this character. It is regarded as almost certain that, if necessary, the United States troops would be ordered out to prevent the fight.

Charles Campbell and several other parties, among them a Mexican official, have made a proposition to Dan Stuart to get a concession in Mexico to pull off the fights there. Stuart has agreed if absolute immunity from interference is guaranteed. The gentlemen, who have very high and influential connections in Mexican official life, have received telegrams announcing that the States of Chihuahua and Coahuila and Tamaulipas had granted concessions for a "general athletic and bull fighting exhibition" in those States Oct. 31. Which, if any, of these concessions will be used will not be determined for several days.

If the Chihuahua concession should be used, the fight will come off at Juarez, which is just across the river from El Paso. Laredo and Diaz are the towns in the other two States. Each town will be asked to contribute towards the expense, and the amount of the contributions will be an element in selecting the place. The concessions carry with them an absolute guarantee of non-interference. There is a bull ring at each place capable of seating from 18,000 to 20,000 people. These will have to be repaired and the railroads touching these points have volunteered to defray the expense of repairs.

Regarding the place of the proposed encounter Stuart himself said, after the Legislature had definitely determined that no fight could be held in Texas:

"I have been arranging for such a contingency as this of to-day, and have three places within convenient distance of Dallas, and will probably decide within twenty-four hours where the contest will take place on the date advertised."

A Straight Tip.  
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a definite decision as to where the fight will be decided on Oct. 31. In response to a question as to whether or not he would be willing to meet Corbett outside of the State in case the fight cannot be pulled off at Dallas he said:

"The articles of agreement call for my fight with Corbett to take place at Dallas, and if it cannot be held there I will claim my \$2,500 forfeit from the Florida Athletic Club. If the forfeit is paid me I don't care where the fight comes off. It can take place in Mexico, Indian Territory or Coney Island. Any place will suit me just so I can get a chance at Corbett."

Fitzsimmons lays the sole blame on Corbett and Brady for the present muddled condition of affairs.

Free-Colored Supplement. This week, Corbett and Fitzsimmons in fighting attitude. See that you get it with your paper.

### INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT FIGHT.

#### [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One of the noteworthy features of the POLICE GAZETTE's effort to give its readers in graphic and interesting detail a history of the incidents leading up to the great fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, is the pictorial review of events given from week to week. This week we illustrate Corbett's departure from New York, bound for his training quarters at San Antonio. The illustration shows him alighting from a coach at the Liberty Street Station of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. Hundreds of enthusiastic admirers crowded about to shake his hand and wish him "God speed."

The arrival of Fitzsimmons at Corpus Christi, Tex., furnished another interesting theme to our artist. He shows the aspirant for championship honors on the platform of a traveling coach on the M. K. and T. Road at the moment that it pulls into the railroad depot, and is boarded by a committee comprising the leading citizens of the enterprising city of Corpus Christi.

Smaller illustrations show some of the incidents of Corbett's "training day" at Madison Square Garden, Gov. Culverson, the man who prevented the fight in Texas, and Fitzsimmons' residence in Corpus Christi completes the ensemble.

Altogether the page is a splendid one and worthy of the consideration of our readers.

## TOO MUCH LAW--NO FIGHT

Lavigne and Griffio Were Ready to do Battle.

## BUT THE POLICE SAID NO.

Five Thousand Disappointed Sports Took the Journey to the Ringside.

## SAGINAW LAD WAS THE FAVORITE.

Young Griffio and Kid Lavigne did not fight at Bayonne, N. J., last Monday night. The law in the person of Sheriff Toffey laid its heavy hand upon the proceedings, and the result was a disappointment for 5,000 people who had journeyed to the scene of the proposed encounter.

Early in the day it was hinted that the fight would not be allowed to go on. This "tip" was derived from the fact that Chief of Police McNeill went to Jersey City early in the afternoon in response to a telephone call from Prosecutor Winfield. They had a conference in the latter's office.

When McNeill returned to Bayonne, N. J., at 8 P. M., he refused to say whether he would stop the fight, though it was understood that he was advised by the County Prosecutor that he must not permit any knocking out at the contest.

As no knock-out had been threatened, trouble from this quarter was not feared, but afterwards it was learned that Prosecutor Winfield had lodged information with Judge Hudspeth that a prize fight, with all its features, was intended, and then the legal machinery was set to work to prevent the affair.

Meanwhile the New York sports, oblivious to what was going on, crowded the special boats at the Battery and took the journey to the South Jersey shore. As the boat with its full compliment of sports entered the slip, Sheriff Toffey with a squad of police stood on the string piece and announced that there would be no fight and warned the captain of the boat not to land his passengers.

There was no alternative but to turn the boat around and return to New York. The crowd took the affair quite philosophically, and laughed at the unexpected turn that affairs had taken. They had the satisfaction, however, of gazing upon the best equipped arena for fighting that has ever been erected in the East. While the boat was in the slip they could plainly hear strains of music played by the brass band that had been hired for the occasion.

If the fight between Griffio and Lavigne had been allowed to proceed it would doubtless have been one of the best, from a scientific standpoint, of any seen hereabouts in many months. For over a year attempts have been made to bring Young Griffio and Kid Lavigne together, but they failed without exception until the three A's came to life and made them a hand-some offer.

Griffio is a marvel at boxing. His defense is perfect, and he represents a type peculiar to himself. He has said that there is no man living who is clever enough to knock him out, and many persons believe his statement. He can box well within the lightweight limit, and has met and defeated scores of men heavier than himself. It has been alleged that he cannot hit hard, but he denies that this is so, and says that he has never been called upon to do his best.

Kid Lavigne trained at Oceanic, N. J., under the mentorship of Sam Fitzpatrick, and was in fine condition. Griffio had three weeks' work at Spring Lake, N. J., and, providing the reports from his quarters, were to be relied on, he was prepared to enter the ring in good shape.

The other boats arranged for the occasion were in keeping with the quality of the main attraction.

Sam Kelly and Casper Leon were to have boxed 10 rounds at 110 pounds, and Solly Smith and Kid McPartland were slated for a like number of "periods" at 122 pounds.

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### THE COOLER'S HEAD IS SWELLED.

Dan Creedon Writes About His Meeting With Craig in London.

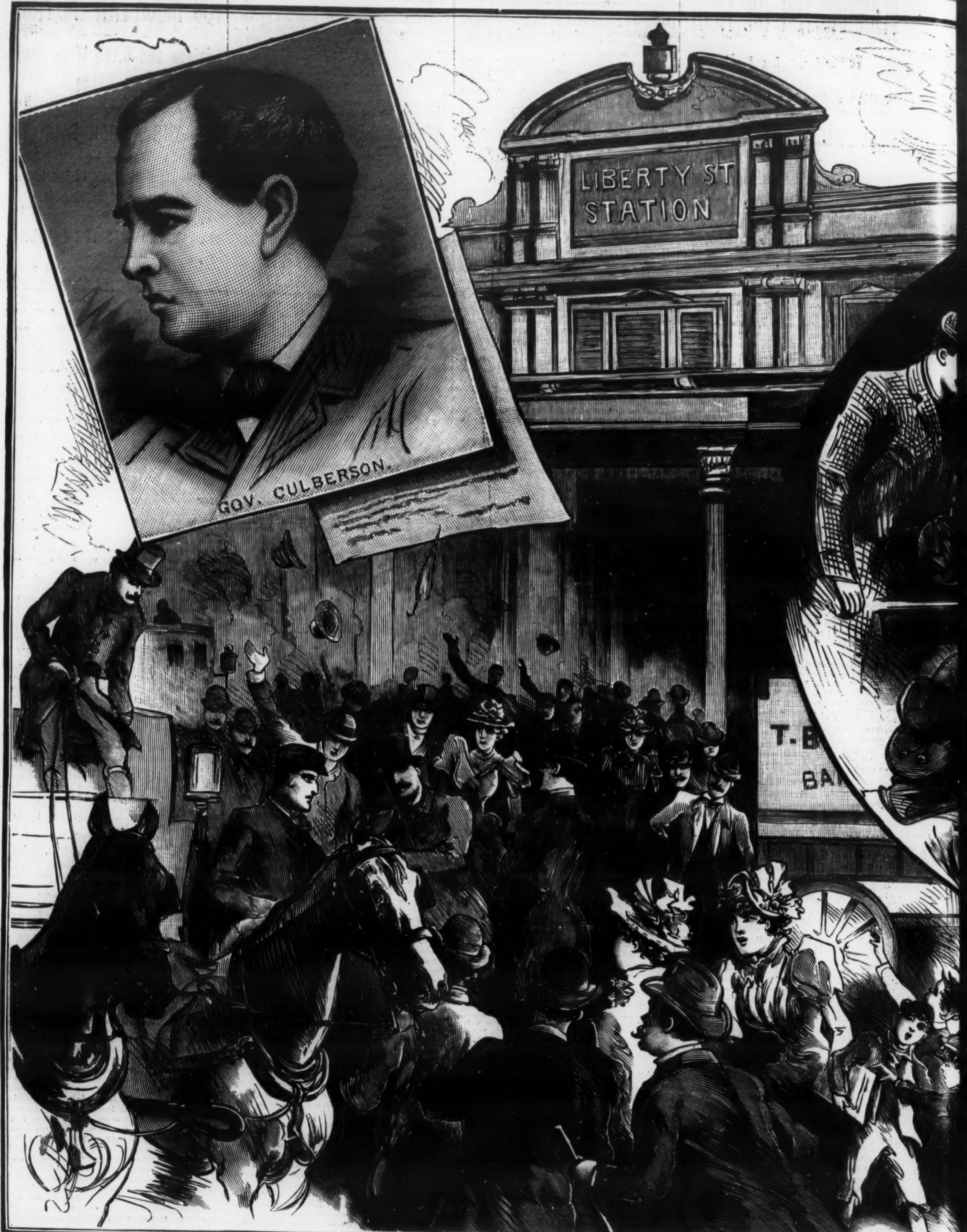
In an interesting letter Dan Creedon who is now in London refers at some length to Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, who he is matched to fight, as follows: "I have met the Cooler, and he has the big head—the worst case, I think, I ever saw. He has been telling it over in England that Fitzsimmons was absolutely afraid to meet him in America, and he has told it straight and hard and strong, so that lots of people believe it. He even started in to tell me the same thing, but I broke into his narrative to remind him of what Peter Maher had done to him (Cooler) in America and what Fitz had done to Maher; the heated imagination of the Cooler dropped several plunks."

According to Creedon, the Cooler is a sort of Othello up-to-date. He drives a gig, wears coats and ties of many colors, and now has a white coachman and a white wife, with flaxen hair and blue eyes, and an heiress, too, to some extent.

Billy Vernon, of Haverstraw, and Jack Miller, a local lightweight, of Philadelphia, have been matched for six rounds at 135 pounds before the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy, Philadelphia, Oct. 17.

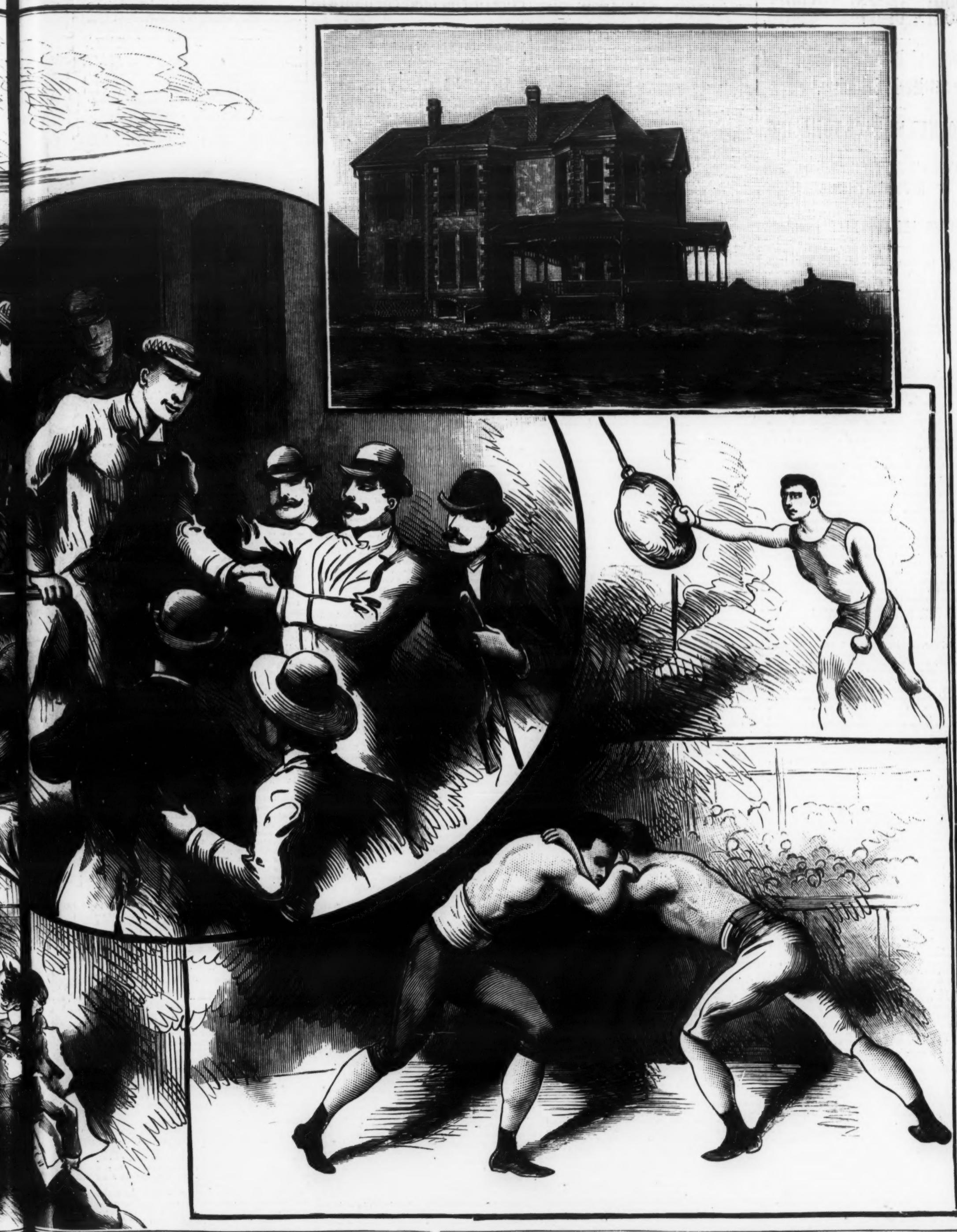
### The Two Champions!

**Corbett and Fitzsimmons.** Their lives and battles in the ring. Published separately in book form, illustrated with portraits, etc. Price by mail, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.



## INCIDENTS OF THE

CORBETT CHEERED BY HIS ADMIRERS AS HE STARTS FOR TEXAS--A TRAIN  
KNOCKED 'EM OUT--FITZSIMMONS ARRIVES AT COOS



## GREAT FIGHT.

DAY AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN--GOV. CULBERSON THE MAN WHO  
CHRISTI--FITZSIMMON'S TRAINING QUARTERS.

## SPORT OF ALL SORTS.

Events of Passing Interest That Merit Criticism.

### ANOTHER MENACE TO RACING.

Football will Replace the National Game in Popular Interest.

### ANOTHER SELLING RACE PROBLEM.

**Recent developments would seem to indicate that the arch enemy of legitimate racing Peter Delaney is off on a new task.** According to a rumor going the rounds, it is the purpose of this wily gentleman to endeavor to take advantage of existing laws to give race meetings at Flushing and Massapequa, Long Island, in the guise of county fairs. It is said that he has succeeded in "inducing" one Tobin to become associated with him in connection with the "enterprise." According to the best authenticated information Mr. Tobin's sole claim to fame and fortune lies in the fact he "invented" an "electroic saddle," the use of which was prohibited, even on the "skates" who used to run around the ring at Guttenburg and Gloucester. It is meet that these two gentlemen should join forces. Neither has a foothold on the plane of legitimate sport. Each has his troubles, and it is an old maxim that misery loves company. One is a disappointed "genius," the other a disappointed pool room keeper. Aside from a few vague and mysterious hints, dropped where it was thought they would do the most good, the projectors of the scheme have given no indication of their plans. It is darkly hinted in some quarters that the scheme has been formulated solely for the purpose of worrying the "poor fellows" who are trying to place racing beyond the reach of the bandits who nearly succeeded in destroying it.

—\*

**Men who are fearful of the future of the turf** should take a half holiday and go up and see the attesting evidence of faith that the Westchester Racing Association is giving at Morris Park. It is not merely content with retaining the grounds as it received them, but it has made substantial improvements that cost many thousands of dollars, materially adding not only to the value of the property, but which will conduce to the enjoyment and convenience of its patrons. Every one knows who are the guiding spirits in it. They are the gentlemen who hoped and battled for the sport when others fled or sat silent, depressed because of the happenings of November last in so far as these happenings bore upon the fortunes of the turf. The men whose energy and character gave new life to the sport are the promoters of the meeting which will be begun on Oct. 15 next. They are not to be overwhelmed by the "boogies" who are no more potent for ill than the grotesque shadows which the moonlight casts upon an sun-lined avenue. The shadows are present, but they offer no opposition beyond their presence to the traveler. The Westchester Racing Association is going resolutely and confidently onward.

—\*

**Rey del Carreres is the race horse of the year.** For the Culver Handicap at Gravesend the other day he handled his 125 pounds as if he had a feather on him, and, making his own running, set a terrific pace into the last furlong, and won, pulled a canter, by three lengths. Before the race, Richard Croker had a talk with E. J. Baldwin, owner of Rey del Carreres, and offered \$60,000 for the horse, but negotiations stopped when Baldwin fixed \$40,000 as the price he would take. After Rey del Carreres won Mr. Croker had another talk with the owner of the Santa Anita Stables, and tried to induce him to send Carreres to England. While it is not probable that a sale will be effected, it is probable that Rey del Carreres will go to England, and he may go in Mr. Croker's stable.

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**In claiming Nick out of a selling race at Gravesend** the other day Jimmy Shields, Jockey Griffin's preceptor, has done the turf a real service. It is, perhaps, the first he ever did, but in consideration of this act we are willing to forgive—to condone all his past offenses. Nick was entered to be sold for \$500, which plus the value of the purse, \$500, made him cost Shields \$1,000. Nick at this figure is a cheap horse. Shields secured the bargain. Somebody learned a lesson. Shields' motive in claiming the horse may not have been a very worthy one, but in this case we are moved to regard the result—the effect rather than the motive. If his action deters wealthy owners from entering \$5,000 horses in \$500 selling races he will have earned the gratitude of all men who have the welfare of the turf at heart. Nick is not a \$5,000 horse, but even in these times he is worth more than what he has cost Shields. On the American turf selling races have for years been mere misnomers. When Lorillard and the Dwyers were at loggerheads, selling races were real selling races. No man then entered a horse below his value, or below what he was prepared to accept for him. Pierre Lorillard himself, a glaring offender in this respect, fancied he had a grievance against the Dwyers and he bid up one of his horses. Before he was through with them he wished from the bottom of his heart that he had been content to go his own way and let them go theirs. That was the last of the great selling race wars. Since that time it has been the custom of wealthy owners to enter their horses at a tenth of their value. The poor owner did not have the money to protect his horse and, of course, had to enter him somewhere near his value. As a result selling races have become the property of wealthy owners who at will masquerade stake horses in them and make of them mere mediums of speculation. Every horse entered below his value in a selling race should be bid up or claimed. When a man enters a horse in one of these events he practically places him in the open market and should be prepared to accept the result, whatever it be. The more claiming and the more bidding up we have the better will it be for the turf.

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**Baseball enthusiasts in New York will not suffer extreme anguish over the fact that the baseball season of 1895 has closed,** for the same event puts a period to the humiliation they have had to endure for the last few weeks. The disgraceful record which the Giants have made this year is beyond palliation. Starting out with loud and jaunty predictions of the ease with which they would capture the pennant, they have met with defeat after defeat, until the end of the season finds them nearly at the foot of the standing of the League club, a hot contestant for the "booty prize." It is well for the metropolis that the inglorious chapter is closed.

**Humiliating as the career of the Giants has been this year, however, it will not be without its compensations if it results in the organization of a team next season which will be worthy of the name they bear and of the imperial town they represent. The causes which have led to the fiasco of 1895 are now pretty well understood. Let the future management of the New York ball players profit by this knowledge. It is a shame that the great town, foremost sport-loving communities in this country, cannot be represented in the National League by a team which is capable of doing it credit. Let another year see this reproach wiped out and the League pennant once again the possession of the pennant city of the Republic.**

—\*

**Billiard lovers will appreciate a good story** which originated in Chicago. It appears that in a certain windy city some time before his arm was broken, Jake Schaefer was practicing. Among the on-lookers was an elderly man. He watched the champion closely and as Jake, who was playing in fine form, picked out every imaginable kind of billiards to be made on the table and

scooted so fast the old man could not keep track of the shots, the latter's enthusiasm and delight was apparent to every one in the room. Jake saw what an impression he had made and kept steadily shooting until at last he was forced to cease from sheer fatigue. When he stopped the old man left his seat, and, with a look of settled conviction upon his face, remarked loud enough for all to hear:

"That's a wonder, that little fellow is. That's what he is."

"Did you ever see Schaefer or Ives play?" asked a bystander.

"Schaefer and Ives," replied the old man, sarcastically; "who wants to see those fellows? That little fellow there is good enough for me. He can beat all the Schaefers and Ives that were ever born."

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**The season of punt and tackle is in full blast.** Notwithstanding the existence of the past week the candidates for football honors in Harvard, Pennsylvania, Yale and Princeton are hard at work breaking the line and running the ends. From the present outlook the great November games will be between Yale and Princeton and Harvard and Pennsylvania. Yale does not want to play in Harvard's yard, and Princeton does not care to play in Pennsylvania's. The Quakers are also on Yale's blacklist.

In the minds of most critics of the game these discussions are extremely childish and smack of the kindergarten more than the university. Pennsylvania deserved all the honor she gained last year, and not a tittle of the discredit. She had a strong, bull-like team, and played a strong game. Yale's accusation of roughness is undeserved in the light of the splendid game put up by both teams when they met last year.

It would be hard to pick the stronger prospective team among the four big college crews just at present. Princeton is probably further along just now than any of her rivals. Harvard and Yale, however, are working hard, and the new candidates are developing rapidly.

DOMINO.

#### BALTIMORE WINS THE PENNANT.

Orioles Won the Championship After an Exciting Series in New York.

The baseball season of 1895 is ended. Baltimore has for a second time won the pennant, due not only to masterly playing but good management. In the early season the Orioles did not give great promise, but Hanlon carefully reserved his players and kept the weak ones in form. It was due to this, perhaps, more than anything else that they met victory.

Cleveland made a hard fight for second place. But it has been claimed that Cleveland had several lay downs from opponents, noticeably Pittsburgh. This was all rumor, for Pittsburgh went to pieces and was the wreck of the good club which was so many games in the early season. Like New York, Pittsburgh senselessly overworked its good players. Philadelphia, really a strong club, did not show form until late in the season. By good playing it worked into third place, a position earned. As for Chicago, its career was most erratic. At one time the home club was playing championship ball, then putting up a game weaker than that of Louisville. To the surprise of all, Anson's men made a grand stand finish and finished in fourth place. Certain it is that Chicago did just what the experts predicted in the early spring, but the game was not like that put up by the winners. The latter played a game that was vigorous, steady and full of fire and nerve. At one time Chicago was playing a game that called for admiration, as another senselessly weak and stupid.

Perhaps the greatest disappointment was New York. It had, and still has for that matter, the best pitchers in the League, Rusie and Meekin. The management thought that with them the pennant could be won. Westervelt was left behind and Meekin and Rusie worked until they became cripples. "Dad" Clarke was trotted out and showed now and then great form. German was never a great pitcher and helped the team very little. Rusie and Meekin were lame. The former played when he should have been on the sick list. Had New York been handled by John M. Ward it would have quit in the first flight; as it is the Giants barely won half their games.

Financially the game has been a success. Great games drew bigger crowds than ever. But aside from this there is much that is not all pleasing. No really great pitcher was brought out or developed and many of the best have gone back. Where the great twirlers are to come from for next season is not discernible. None of the new men who have been tried have shown wonderful form. They may improve next season, but it is doubtful. Perhaps the evenness of the playing is due to the fact that no pitcher was invincible.

Standing of the clubs:

CLUBS.	W.	L.	P.	CLUBS.	W.	L.	P.
Baltimore.....	86	45	.667	Pittsburg.....	71	61	.526
Cleveland.....	64	54	.546	Cincinnati.....	64	54	.526
Philadelphia.....	77	58	.552	New York.....	66	54	.526
Chicago.....	73	57	.554	Washington.....	44	54	.393
Brooklyn.....	71	58	.548	St. Louis.....	39	53	.429
Boston.....	70	59	.543	Louisville.....	35	56	.397

Free—Colored Supplement. This week, Corbett and Fitzsimmons in fighting attitude. See that you get it with your paper.

#### HARRY WRIGHT IS DEAD.

The Nestor of Baseball Passes Quietly Away in a Sanitarium.

A dispatch from Atlantic City, N. J., dated Oct. 5, contains the information that Harry Wright, the well-known baseball man, died there of a complication of diseases in a private sanitarium.

Harry Wright, the Grand Old Man of baseball, was the best known and by all odds the most popular man ever connected with the great American game, and he did more than any other to bring the game to its present high standing. Always thoroughly honest and conscientious in his dealings with managers and players, he established a previously unknown standard of uprightness among the ball men.

"Uncle Harry," as he was affectionately called, began his athletic career as a cricketer. He was born in Sheffield, England, Jan. 10, 1855. In 1857 he began to play baseball with the then famous Klosterhoek Club, of this city. In July, 1866, he helped to organize the first regularly trained professional team ever put on the diamond. The Cincinnati "Reds," through Wright's able management, gained an enviable and widespread reputation. Harry pitched for the club during the seasons of 1866 and 1867.

During 1868 the club traveled all over the United States and met all the leading clubs without losing a game. It was the first Eastern club to visit California.

In a game played June 22, 1867, at Newport, Ky., Harry Wright made seven home runs for the Cincinnati Club, this being the largest number of home runs ever scored by any individual player in a game. The Cincinnati Club having disbanded, Harry Wright, in 1871, was engaged to play centre-field for and captain the then newly organized Boston Club team. Although the Boston team did not become champions that year, Harry gathered a strong nine together, which, during the following four seasons, were the champions of the first regular professional association of the country. He was one of the Boston—Philadelphia combination that visited England in 1874.

After the National League was organized Harry Wright's Boston team won the championship in 1877 and 1878. He remained with the Boston Club until the end of the season of 1881. He was engaged in 1883 to manage the Providence Club, and it finished second in the championship that season, and third in 1885. Mr. Wright in 1884 was engaged to manage the Philadelphia Club. He continued as manager of the Philadelphia Club until the close of the season of 1885, when he was made chief of the League staff of umpires, a position which was created for him, and which he held at the time of his death.

Ready! Time! Biff! Bang!

Lots of fun and good solid healthy exercise in a brisk bout with the gloves. The best glove furnishes the most fun. THE POLICE GAZETTE STANDARD BOXING GLOVE is the best in the market. Send two cent stamp for list and catalogue. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

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All orders must be accompanied by remittance. We guarantee you will be satisfied.

RICHARD K. FOX,

Franklin Square, New York.

diamond, if he hasn't got a diamond?....He can make it what he likes and need not hold a trump.

A. C., Geneva, N. Y.—Have you books with instructions for conditioning and training fighting dogs, also fighting bows? How much taller is Corbett than Fitzsimmons?....Send 25 cents for each of the books referred to. One inch and a quarter.

FITZSIMONS.—If a man holds 40 trumps (diamonds are trumps), then holds 20 spades, 20 clubs, 60 queens, then he places king of hearts and wants to hold 240 with king of hearts. The question is can he hold 240 with the aforesaid cards?....No. He needs 80.

J. H. L., Carrollton, Fla.—A man plays a two-ball combination: No. 1 ball to put No. 2 in the pocket. No. 1 hit No. 2 and goes in first, No. 2 goes in after. Is it a fair shot or has the player right to the balls?....It is a fair shot and he is entitled to both the balls.

READER, Chicago, Ill.—Did John L. Sullivan ever fight Frank Herald? If so, where, and how long did it take to put Herald out?....Yes; Sept. 18, 1866, at Alleghany, Pa. After two rounds had been fought the police interfered, and Sullivan was declared the winner.

G. Fairmont, Cal.—What country holds the championship skater? What is his name? What country has the fastest yacht or sailing vessel? How long has said country held the name?....1. America.

John H. Johnson, S. America. 2. Since the yacht America won the International Cup in 1886.

E. F. F., Easton, Pa.—What is the proper way to hold 200 pinochle? Can I meld 20 spades and get the other queen of spades and the two jacks of diamonds, and hold 200 pinochle, or must I meld the two queens of spades and two jacks of diamonds as one time?....You need not meld the four cards at one time.

J. H., Belfast, Ireland.—Let me know if a member of the police force having ten years' experience in Belfast city could join the New York police force. Can produce first class testimonials from city commissioner here?....You can join the force if you are a citizen of the United States and pass the necessary examination.

A. E., ——. A bet, on Sept. 10, that Defender would win the race on that date; B bet that Valkyrie would win; this is in the wording of the bet. Who wins, A or B? A bet that Defender would win on Sept. 10; B bet that Valkyrie would win; the race was half run when the bet was made. Who wins, A or B?....1. A. 2.

J. W. W., Dawson, N. D.—Will you give me some information in regard to the coming fisher carnival at Dallas, Tex.; the name of the pugilists and the date on which they contest? Could you give me the address of a reliable firm in Chicago or Milwaukee where I could place money on these events?....1. Read the POLICE GAZETTE. 2. No.

T. J. W., Braddock, Pa.—Can you give me the record of Mr. William Gale, of Bristol, England, and the conditions under which he made the record of 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, and if he has a challenge to any person or the world to cover or better it?....Gale's record is 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours. He has retired from active participation in sports.

M. and R., Iron Mountain, Mich.—Two men are playing seven-up; the trump is turned; one man begs and cards are run; both parties agree to leave cards lay for bunch and next trump is turned; man that begs wants to bunch, but dealer objects as he has the trump; the man that begs says it isn't right and says they must be bunched. Which man is right?....Cards must be bunched.

J. D., Phoebe, Va.—A bet B that Hampton beats Newport News in a game of baseball on a certain date; in the meantime Hampton sec

## CULBERSON LED A TRUMP.

**His Power in the Legislature  
Stopped the Fight.**

## SULLIVAN IN HARD LUCK.

**His Triumphal Tour Checked by Inimical Laws and too Zealous Officials.**

## IN THE REALM OF FISTIC SPORT.

The parrot, with one eye clawed out, his plumage torn and disarranged, and his gaudy tail feathers reduced to a mere semblance of what they were, takes up the refrain this week, and in a voice subdued with emotion, murmurs:

"Where're we at?"

The parrot and the monkey—ergo, the Texas Legislature and the Florida Athletic Club—came together on Wednesday last over the question whether the proposed fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons could or could not take place at Dallas as originally proposed. In a short, sharp and decisive manner it was answered negatively, and—"There you are!"

A poor meiotic review of the battle would effect no purpose. Enough to say that the Legislature remedied its neglect to enact a prize fighting law at its last session, remedied it in so far as to pass a law which became operative on the day following, making it a misdemeanor for two men to engage in a battle for a prize or consideration, punishable by from two to five years' imprisonment.

What is to be done now is a matter for Dan Stuart and his associate projectors to decide. They have gone into the "box" already for \$30,000; have contracts upon their hands involving a further loss of \$30,000; have agreed to pull off the fight in any event, and have guaranteed their intention to the principals. Is it to be doubted that they will swing such a little thing as a State law to stand in the way of their obligations?

Personally, I believe that Corbett and Fitzsimmons will fight on Oct. 31, the date originally agreed upon. Not in Dallas, to be sure, but conveniently near to make a journey by railway to the battle ground a minor consideration. My belief is strengthened by the confidence which the sporting people of Dallas have in Stuart.

Stuart said the fight would take place in Dallas. He opposed gubernatorial power and fought the legislature until the last hope had vanished, and then and not until then did he calmly announce that he had provided for just such an emergency and was prepared to meet it.

Briefly then it may be stated that as long ago as Sept. 1, Stuart was in a position to know that if an extra session of the legislature was called, the result would be unfavorable to the fight. He displayed his executive ability by casting an anchor or two to windward, and has to-day the happy satisfaction of knowing that he can carry out his plans without any further interference.

Joe Vendig the matchmaker of the club, who is in daily communication with Stuart, informs me that the fight will probably take place on soil contiguous to Texas, which is interpreted to mean that either Mexico or a selected strip of Indian Territory will be the scene of the battle. A lot of seeroye is observed just now, presumably because definite and final arrangements have not yet been completed, but everything is looking bright and promising, and if the whole thing is eventually abandoned I shall miss my guess.

Just why an event like this should be interfered with I am prone to wonder. Whatever be the opinion of the purists, or however degrading church-goers and other good people characterize the subject, a remarkable percentage of the American nation has its interest centered on the fight. That interest is extending far beyond the environments of the sporting fraternity and the subject is not even to be interdicted in social circles, men and women sharing alike as disputants over the merits of the two gladiators.

The keenness of the interest thus aroused is largely due to the fact that the contestants partake of an international affair, and while the elegance of the entertainment may be questioned, its patrons are entitled to as much consideration as those who had their interest aroused by the recent international yacht race, or others who found in a series of competitions between the representatives of the leading athletic clubs of Great Britain and America an outlet for their patriotic enthusiasm. That the sentiment against pugilism should have found its origin in the South where the code duello was so long a factor in the settlement of personal grievances is one of the features of the affair.

When dueling was finally put down and laws passed against that form of battle, they were drawn so as to prevent fatal encounters only. The people of the South believe that if a man insults you, you have a right to kill him, and so they did not want laws that might prevent a man from resenting an insult in the popular fashion. When they realized though that professional prize fighters were ready to take advantage of their lax laws, that put a different phase on the matter entirely, and with but few exceptions prize fighting was made a crime in the Southern States.

Southerners, as a whole, are fond of nearly all sorts of sport, but they draw the line at prize fighting. Men who can see nothing brutal in watching two gamecocks gaff each other until one is killed, would be horrified at the thought of two scientific boxers standing up in a ring and sparring until one was knocked out. It was doubtless this sentiment that led the Texas Legislature to act so promptly.

Even John L. Sullivan seems to be pursued by the same relentless fate that has enveloped the whole fistic fraternity of late. Under Parsons Davies' management, it was predicted that the ex-champion's farewell tour through the country would be a magnificent success, and productive of much profit, but destiny was on hand to deal a knockout blow at the very outset. Sullivan's first "farewell" was to have occurred at Philadelphia last week. Arrangements were all completed, talent engaged, etc., but at the last minute the lessee of the Grand Opera House refused to permit the exhibition. Parsons Davies, who had the matter in charge, thus explains the whole transaction:

"Sullivan, at the solicitation of his Philadelphia friends, consented to accept a testimonial benefit in that city. He requested me to represent him in the matter. I consulted with a number of his friends, and they advised me to engage the Grand Opera House for Thursday evening, Oct. 3. I called upon the agent of Mr. Tissot, who is the lessee of the Grand Opera House, for the purpose of doing so. He stated the rental of the building and other particulars relative to engaging the same. I fully informed him of the nature of the entertainment. He then said he could not give me a positive answer until he consulted with Mr. Tissot. The next day he sent me a note which read as follows:

"PARSON DAVIES, Continental Hotel, City."

"DEAR SIR: Opera House October 3 O. K."

"On receipt of the above I made all arrangements for advertising the entertainment. I left for Chicago that evening, but to my surprise I afterwards received a telegram from my agent informing me that the Opera House lessees were objecting. I hurried to this city and called upon Mr. Tissot's agent, who informed me that the entertainment could not take place for the following reasons: That his lease only admitted him to rent for 'operatic, dramatic and theatrical' performances, also that he had called upon Director Bettler, who advised him not to have the entertainment take place there.

"I told him in reply that in company with one of the leading business men of Philadelphia I had called upon Director Bettler and told

him about the Sullivan testimonial. He informed me that as long as the law was not infringed upon he had no objections to the entertainment. The entreaties of Mr. Tissot's agent, as he positively refused to let me have the use of the building. I informed him it would be quite a loss financially to Mr. Sullivan and that as he was to blame in the matter he should reimburse him, which he refused to do.

"Under the circumstances I have no choice but to indefinitely postpone the entertainment. I shall, however, consult my lawyer upon the subject."

The outcome of the above is that Davies, on behalf of Sullivan, will begin suit against the directors of the Opera House and the ex-champion will look for an opening elsewhere.

Since writing the above, information has been forthcoming that the Mayor of Cleveland has declined to issue a license for Sullivan's testimonial in that city. This seems to me to be stretching the moral elastic to its fullest tension. The entertainment that "Parson" Davies had arranged was similar in every respect to the Corbett testimonial at Madison Square Garden last week, and the police officials of the Metropolis, which is now easily the most moral city in the United States, never had an idea of interfering with that.

Poor Sally is in hard luck indeed!

There is truth in the old saying that one must go away from home to learn the news. Here am I right in New York city, "Johnnie on the spot" so to speak, in touch too with everything that appertains to sport and yet from far away in distant France comes the news that we are having public bull fighting in the Metropolis.

I happened to be in Mayor Strong's sanctum in the City Hall the other day and was shown the following letter:

TARASCON, Sept. 31, 1905.

To His Honor, the Mayor of New York:

Having learned through the French journals that bull fights are taking place in New York, and that in one of the courses they have gone so far as to kill a bull, I desire to present to the first city of the American continent my compliments, and to offer my services as the first bull-fighter of France.

I will come to America with my quadrille composed of six men. Our work consists in the shaking of the mantle before the bull's eyes, leaping with and without vaulting pole upon the bull, also in the grand perilous leap made over the back of the bull. I engage to kill one or more bulls according to the desire of the management. I engage, if the management desires, to furnish French bulls. This would be a grand advertisement.

I beg Your Honor the Mayor, to lay my letter before the management of the New York Bull Fighting Association.

This is my address:

ACQUETS FARMS, Premier Matador Francais,

Tarascon (B d Rhone), France.

Accompanying the letter were advertising posters, in grandiose language, of three bull fights in which the renowned Fabre has recently figured in different parts of France.

It is needless to say that the Mayor got in a timely hit at the election situation by replying that the fight which is at this time more especially engaging public attention is not a bull fight, but a tiger fight.

Arthur Valentine's pugilistic prowess doesn't seem to have impressed the eastern sporting critics to any great degree of favor. One of the latter in referring to the Englishman's defeat at Mapeth, L. I., the other night contributes the following:

"It is a little bit out of line to slip in a pugilistic note among the turf news, but Arthur Valentine is an eighteen carat stiff. He will sail for 'ome with an egg plant ear, a sand papered shoulder, forty well tattooed ribs (if he possesses that number), and a lesson in American pugilism."

I myself recall having seen several pugilistic lobsters in my day but for a ripe, rosy one of the stiff variety I don't think Great Britain ever sent us a more wholesome specimen than this same Valentine. It is not long ago that I took occasion to say that he was the worst lightweight champion England ever had, gauged from Jim Carney's standpoint, and seeing him perform the other night convinced me that my reckoning was not far astray.

The fact that McKeever, a third rater, with only one hand, was able to knock out the Englishman, reflects severely on the latter's ability. Johnny Clark, when he found that McKeever's left hand, which is his strong point, was crippled, asked for a postponement, but McKeever said he would go on anyway.

The Englishman did not land a blow in seventeen rounds that bothered McKeever. On the other hand, the Quaker raised a continuous shower of right handers on body and face. McKeever did not dare to swing his effective left, but kept jabbing it into the Englishman's neck. There is no question as to Valentine's gameness, but it avails little with a clever man. In considering Valentine's long list of victories across the water, they can only be accounted for on the theory that he permitted his opponents to wear themselves out hammering him, and then finished them. He knows absolutely nothing about the scientific possibilities of the game. He is lumbering and clumsy on his feet, poses awkwardly, in a manner that militates much against his ability to punch straight. He is not a boxer, and his only effective blow is a right-hand hook. This he tried to land frequently, but without effect. He was dazed by McKeever's speedy delivery, and several times in the early part of the fight put both hands up before his face to keep off the blows that the Philadelphian kept raining upon him.

In knocking him out, McKeever did a merciful thing, for defeat was inevitable.

When he got that fatal clout on the jaw in the seventeenth round, Valentine, in the words of a brother scribe, "turned up like a penny winkle, h'and wished 'isself bloody well 'ome hin' the h'arms h'of the mother what h'ore 'im."

Taken altogether, Valentine's showing was a disappointment. There is not one of the half a dozen claimants to lightweight distinction who couldn't whip him, and a little friendly tip to his advisers in London is to recall him as soon as possible.

SAM AUSTIN.

### SPORTING NOTES.

The twenty-round contest between Tommy White, of Chicago, and Johnny Van Heest, of Baltimore, at Terre Haute, Ind., last week, was declared a draw, as the articles so provided in case both men were on their feet. White was much the cleverer.

The new Manhattan Athletic Club, through its enterprising matchmaker, has made a bid for the George Dixon-Tommy Dixon bout. Tom O'Rourke has expressed his willingness to accept the offer for George Dixon, and it is probable that Tommy Dixon will also decide to take it.

Tommy Kelly, the "Hoboken Cyclone," who has been in Syracuse for several months, has returned and is looking for a match. Bill Newman, matchmaker of the New Manhattan Athletic Club, will secure a good man to meet him in an eight-round bout at the next boxing show of the club.

Danny McBride, who was unable to meet Frank Patterson, of Brooklyn, in the preliminary bout in the Empire Athletic Club, Wednesday, on account of an injured knee-cap, says that as soon as he is able to fight again he will challenge Patterson for a limited-round bout at 122 pounds before the Empire Athletic Club.

A telegram from New Orleans says that the Olympic Club of that city has not made a bid for the fight. The executive board of the club held a meeting, but had no authority to act in the matter and did not consider it. Under the present construction of the law in the state it is not likely that a bid will be made for the fight.

Peter Maher, in a letter to a friend, says that win or lose in his fight with O'Donnell, he will be prepared to tackle Frank Slavin or any other man that shows a disposition to accept the challenges which he issued in London some weeks ago. Maher says that he will eventually have a cut for the championship of the world. He has wired from Pittsburgh to the managers of the Florida Athletic Club that he wants to train at Dallas for his fight with O'Donnell. Accordingly, quarters will be arranged, and Maher will proceed there at once. Maher says that he will challenge the winner of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight.

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Franklin Square, New York.

Eureka Athletic Club, of Washington, has been declared off, as they could not agree upon a division of the receipts.

Sam Robinson, of Jersey City, and Alf Hanlon, of Englewood, are matched for a finish fight with two-round gloves. The bout is to be decided Oct. 14 in private, within fifty miles of Jersey City, N. J. Only one hundred persons will witness it.

A 6-round bout between Jack McAliffe and Arthur Valentine is talked of at the New Manhattan Athletic Club, and Matchmaker Newman induced them to accept his terms for such an exhibition. The bout will take place on the evening of Oct. 25.

Nick Burley, the San Francisco middleweight, is now in Boston. He will challenge Kid McCoy if the latter defeats Abe Ulman at Baltimore. Burley offered to box McCoy at Indianapolis some months since, but the kid refused to accept. Burley in the meantime is open to meet Dick O'Brien or Billy Hennessy, if a purse is offered.

Peck Barry and John McKee, who were arrested on charges of prize fighting in the Hudson County Athletic Club's arena, Oakland Park, Jersey City, a few weeks ago, were discharged on Friday under a decision rendered by Judge Potts. The decision establishes a precedent by which a United-round contest with gloves is sanctioned as a scientific exhibition, in distinction from a prize fight. The case was a test.

A letter has been received here from Billy Flammer, in which he says that Freddie Palmer, of Bethnal Green, who he is to fight in the National Sporting Club, is a better boxer than George Corfield, whom he recently defeated, but he expects to win. After that battle is decided, Flammer states he will return to America if there is any prospect of his securing a match with Anthony, the Australian, for \$500 a side and a big purse.

The Nonpareil Athletic Club, of Weehawken, will hold a boxing tournament at the New Turn Hall, corner of Lewis street and New York avenue, Union Hill, N. J., on Monday, Oct. 14. The card will be as follows: Edward Connell vs. Charles Hodges, four rounds at catch weight; Patrick Turk vs. Harry Stiles, six rounds at 125 pounds; Slim Robinson vs. Alf Hanlon, ten rounds at 135 pounds for the middleweight championship of New Jersey.

Dan Stuart has sent to Chicago for a "pneumatic ring," in which he says that Freddie Palmer, of Bethnal Green, who he is to fight in the National Sporting Club, is a better boxer than George Corfield, whom he recently defeated, but he expects to win. After that battle is decided, Flammer states he will return to America if there is any prospect of his securing a match with Anthony, the Australian, for \$500 a side and a big purse.

P. J. Dwyer has sold the coils Applegate to Frank Beard, the consideration being \$500.

The proposed tour of the Philadelphia and Baltimore clubs through the south has been abandoned.

Bradley, the English champion sprinter, won the 100-yard championship of Canada last Saturday. His time was 10 2/5 seconds.

Orth, of Philadelphia, leads the League pitchers, but he pitched in only eleven games. Hoffer, who pitched in forty-four, is really the premier.

Austin, Tex., is to have a series of swimming races on several days early in November. There will be professional events for liberal cash prizes.

In the international games between representatives of Cambridge and Yale Universities the Englishmen only succeeded in winning three out of the eleven events.

It is always the unexpected that happens. Next year promises after all to eclipse all previous years so far as yachting in this country is concerned. Truly a grand sequel to an unfortunate affair.

President Freedman says that \$2,400 will be the limit per giant next year. On this basis he will surely have trouble with Rusie and Meekin. There are several players to whom \$24 should be the limit.

The world's professional shot putter, John D. McPherson, fell from one of the lower gates at the new look, at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on Oct. 4, to the lock floor, a distance of forty-six feet, and was fatally injured.

Valkyrie's author, Valkyrie's commander and navigator, Valkyrie's crew and the daughters of Valkyrie's owner, Lady Rachel and Lady Eileen Wyndham-Quinn, sailed for home last Wednesday on the White Star liner Teutonic.

Hanian, the oarsman, announces that he will row Hardinge, the English sculler, over the Tyne course for the championship of England, provided the residents of Newcastle subscribe a purse of £500 and guarantee his expense.

The Cleveland Club has purchased the release of Shearer, the hard-hitting right-fighter of the Buffalo team, for \$500. Shearer was formerly a member of the Cleveland team, and baited well when with Cleveland. It is expected Cleveland will sign a good inside within a few days.

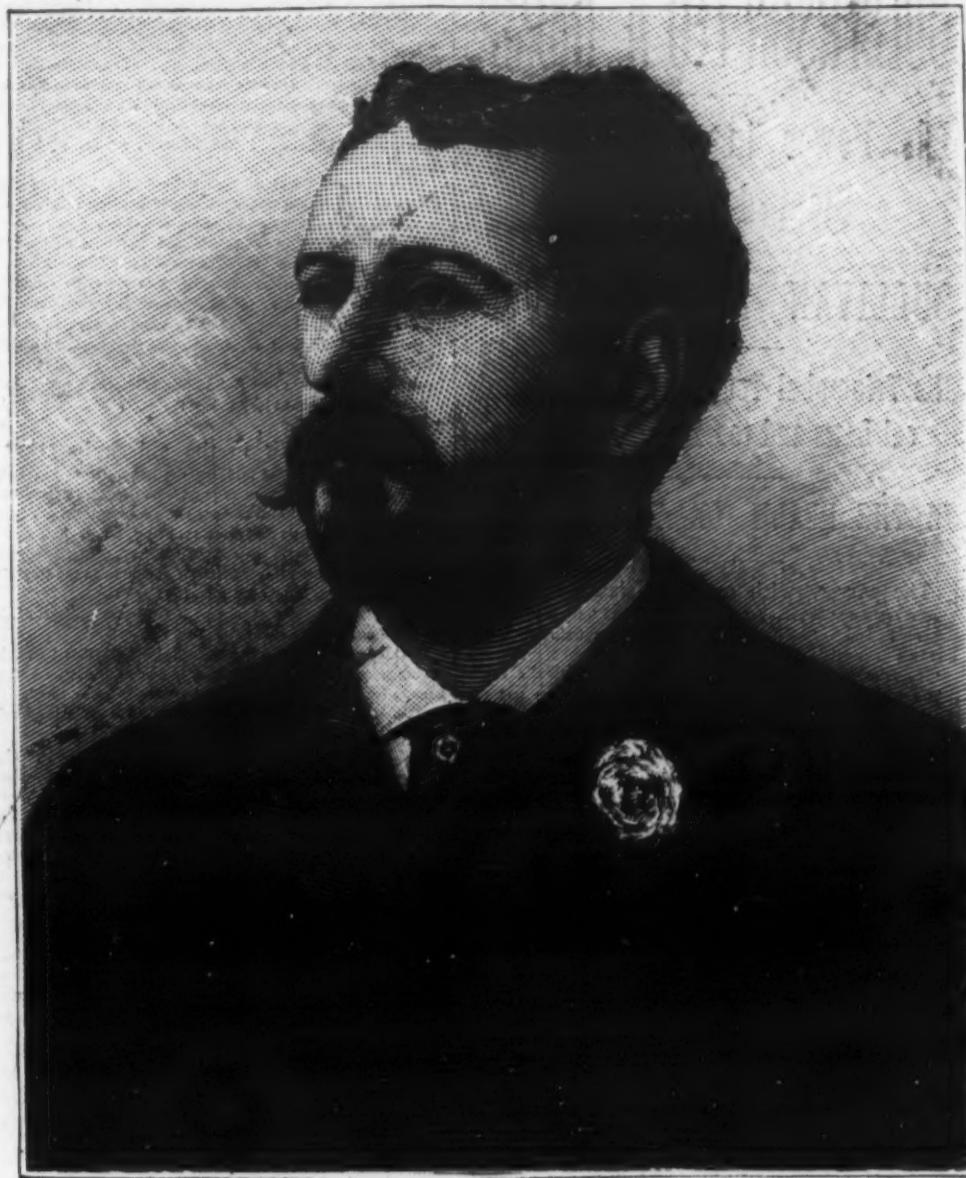
Mr. James G. Rowe will not fill the position of presiding judge at the meeting of the California Jockey Club next winter, and Mr. Joseph J. Burke may take his place. Mr. Rowe has been the harness for many years without a holiday, and he will now take a rest until next spring.

When asked if he would manage the Philadelphia team next season, Manager Arthur Irwin said, "I think not. I am negotiating for the management of an Eastern League team, and I feel it I shall quit Philadelphia." Irwin intimated that managing the Philadelphia Club was not a pleasant as looks on paper.</



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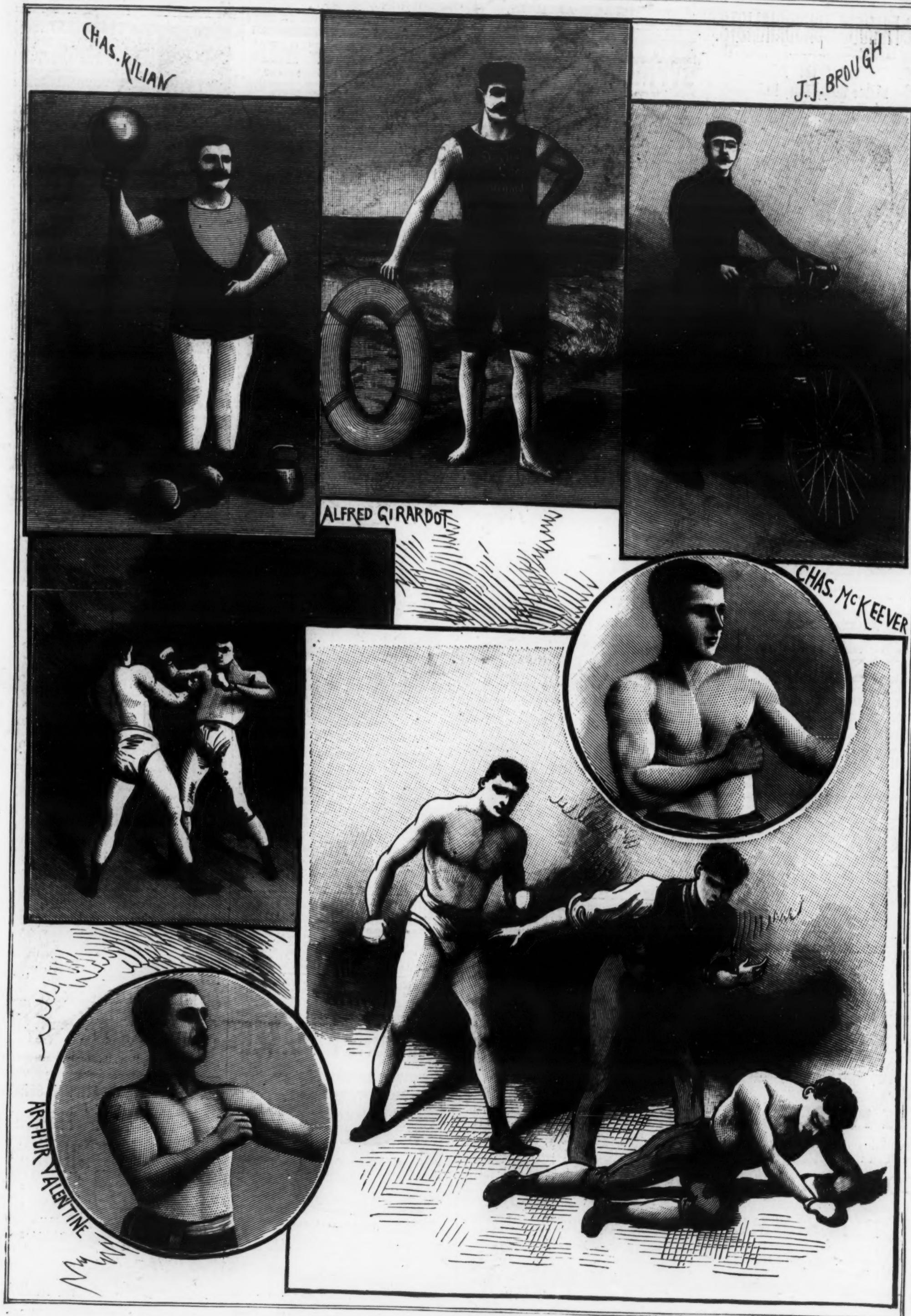
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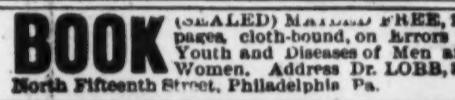
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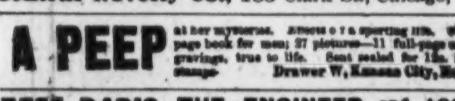
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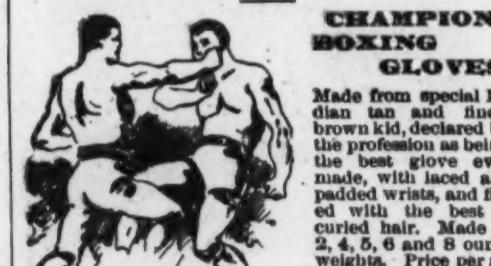
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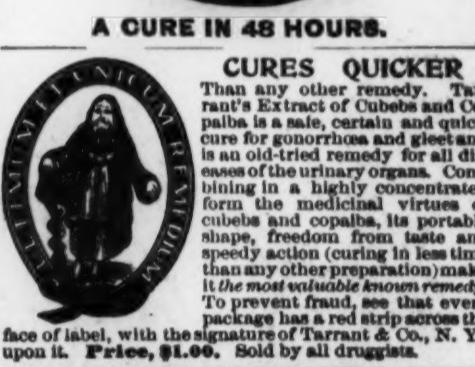
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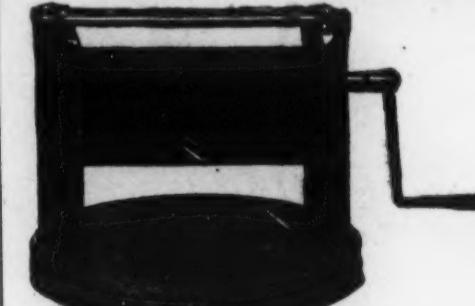
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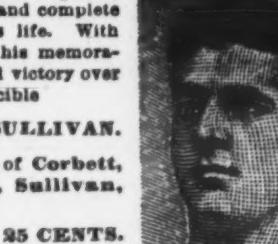
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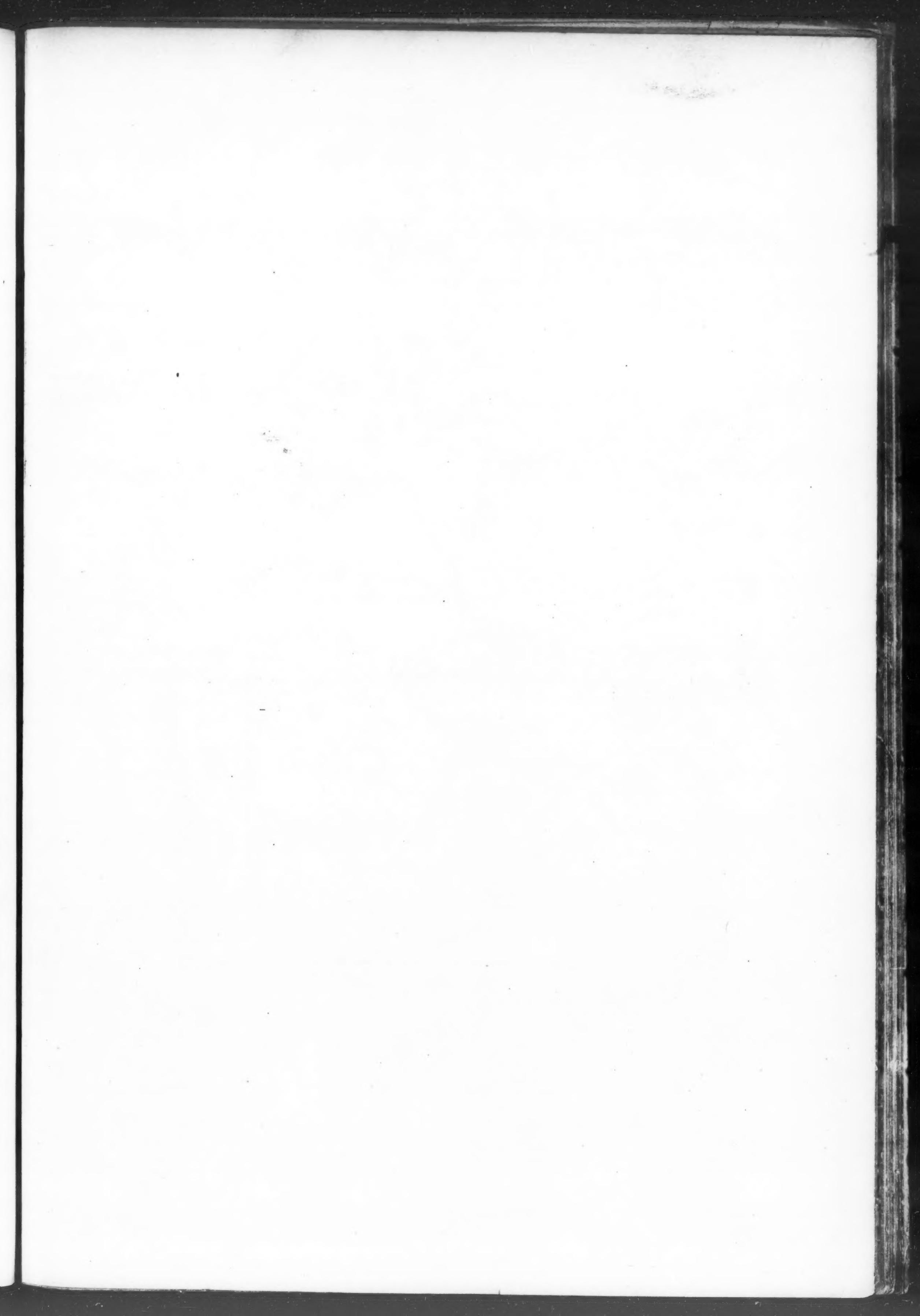
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# JAMES J. CORBETT

BORN AT  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
SEPT. 1<sup>ST</sup> 1866

HEIGHT.....6 FT. IN  
WEIGHT.....185 LBS  
NECK.....17 IN  
CHEST.....38 IN  
CHEST EXPANDED.....42 IN  
WAIST.....33 IN  
THIGHS.....21 IN  
CALVES.....14½ IN  
ARMS OUTSTRETCHED 6 FT. IN  
BICEPS.....14½ IN  
FOREARM.....11½ IN  
WRIST.....6½ IN



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JAMES J. CORBETT AND R  
MATCHED TO FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP

VOL.LXVII. NO 946.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE  
**POLICE GAZETTE**\*

Oct. 19<sup>th</sup> 1895

RICHARD K. FOX. PROPR.



**ROBERT FITZSIMMONS**

BORN AT  
ELSTON, CORNWALL, ENGLAND.  
JUNE 4<sup>TH</sup> 1862

WEIGHT . . . . .	5 FT 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ IN
HEIGHT . . . . .	170 LBS
WAIST . . . . .	15 IN
CHEST . . . . .	41 IN
ARM SPAN . . . . .	44 IN
SHOULDER SPAN . . . . .	32 IN
LEGS . . . . .	20 IN
OUTSTRETCHED ARMS . . . . .	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ IN
OUTSTRETCHED 6 FT 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ IN	
LEGS . . . . .	12 IN
FOREARM . . . . .	11 $\frac{1}{2}$ IN
WRIST . . . . .	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ IN

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.  
CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD ON OCTOBER 31<sup>ST</sup>, 1895.

